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THE INVISIBLE THIEF.

A TALE OF LONDON AND NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

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A small detachment quitted the main body, who waited anxiously for the culmination of Patsy's manœuvre. Over a quarter of an hour flew by in this uncertainty, and they were becoming impatient at the delay, when a deafening cheer rang upon the air.

"Now then, boys!"

On they went dragging me in the middle, up the lawn to within a few yards of the mansion, when their course was slackened by the raising of a window, at which appeared a gentleman well advanced in years, but still corpulent and strong looking.

"Stanton himself, by hell!"

"What do you seek at this untimely hour?" demanded the old man.

The answer was a bullet crashing through the glass. Instantly a deadly volley was poured from the house, and several of the smugglers rolled over on the lawn. Hammond himself was hit in the shoulder, but cried out:

"Don't fire yet—to the doors."

The party rushed onward, but, as they were unprovided with hatchets, the stout oak resisted all their efforts, and a dropping fire from the windows on either side told heavily. An immense log of wood was brought up and used as a battering ram; still the door remained firm and unbroken, withstanding every shock. The result might have been very disastrous to the smugglers, had not Patsy's division created a diversion in their favor, and called off a number of the garrison from the front. Those who stayed, however, succeeded in holding their position, and the attacking party began to look rather blank and disconcerted. Already they were wavering and disposed to retire, when the skill and activity of Hammond aroused them to new exertions.

"Set fire to the shanty."

Scarcely had the words crossed his lips when a huge pile of brushwood was collected, and burning briskly against the hitherto invulnerable entrance. The gang drew back to watch its progress, and the firing ceased; Stanton and his friends evidently preparing themselves for the final struggle. I could have easily made my escape, but was so desirous of seeing how it would terminate that I remained immovable among the rest. The flames quickly penetrated the dry wood, and went crackling upward, throwing a lurid glare over the lawn, and investing the band with a wild and savage aspect, as they stood in a dense body, eagerly noting the effect. It was a scene worthy of the pencil of Rembrandt, comprising all that was fearful and magnificent.

The door was finally consumed, and the flames continued their errand of destruction, while the traders poured into the vast hall, over the smoking boards and fragments. Every article of furniture had been removed to barricade the windows, and the place had consequently the air of having been cleared out for the purpose of forming an arena in which the hostile parties might contend in deadly strife. Along its upper end were gathered about twenty men, headed by the indomitable Stanton. Their muskets were rapidly discharged, and the smugglers having fired for the first time that night, betook themselves to their cutlasses and pistols. Ned Hammond sprang forward and was met by Stanton in the centre of the hall, the friends of either leader holding back to mark the issue of the combat between them. The sailor had the advantage in youth and agility, but his antagonist was no child in the art of fighting and possessed all the strength and determination of a veteran soldier. Awhile they eyed each other, in breathless silence, waiting for an opening; the former showing in his stained and heated features all the hatred he felt for the man before him—the latter keeping warily on his guard, and animated by the courage of despair. A mutual impulse seemed to urge them forward, and they finally closed, turning and twisting, like serpents, in each other's arms, neither gaining an opportunity to use his knife; they rolled over and over on the floor, and Stanton succeeded in grasping Ned by the throat, to which he clung with savage tenacity, at the same time pinning his hands to the floor with his knees. The smugglers could contain their fury no longer, but dashed on to the attack, and the two principal spirits, separated by the rush, came to their legs, and cut and slashed away like demons. The combatants encouraged each other by oaths and yells, the wounded being trodden under foot without pity by both sides. Bracing themselves against the wall, Stanton and his people held their own bravely, and seemed likely to prove the victors in the end, notwithstanding the disparity of force.

Meanwhile, the flames had enveloped the whole front of the building, and the hall became filled with smoke, and insufferably hot. The defenders, conscious that the inside of the place was now the most dangerous, thronged out, intermingled with their opponents, and made a short stand on the lawn; but, Patsy's detatchment coming up rendered further resistance useless, and they fled hurriedly from the spot.

"Let them go," said Hammond; "there lies the man who brought this work about—on his head be the blood spilled."

Stanton was extended on the grass—dead.

The fire was now consuming the body of the mansion, and rose in bright columns into the air, lighting up the country for miles around. To the south, was visible the bay of Donegal, stretching away to the Atlantic; its surface resembling a sheet of flame, borrowed from the firmament above; to the north, the grey hills loomed up visibly, covered with the people who had been aroused by the conflagration, and every bush and hillock stood out as clearly and well defined as at mid-day.

The smugglers had already departed, and fearful of being unable to justify my presence there, if arrested, I took my way back to Ballintraw. This act raised such general indignation against the perpetrators, that smuggling never recovered its former flourishing condition in the county, and Ned Hammond was pursued so closely that he had to leave Ireland altogether. The reader will keep him in mind, as he will turn up again in the ensuing pages. Through this agency, as will appear, I suffered the greatest misfortune of my life.

CHAPTER III.

The Dying Priest—The Fearful Revelation—The Wonderful Gift—Invisible—Death of Maguire—In London—Adventures—Curious Secrets—The Thief at Work, etc.

NOTHING worthy of mention disturbed the usual monotony of my life for three months after this affair; but at the lapse of that period Father Maguire fell sick, and it became evident, even to my inexperience, that his stay on earth was nearing its termination. He himself was fully aware of his approaching dissolution, and made every preparation for the melancholy event. The night before it happened he called me to his bedside, bidding all leave us until the interview was finished. A single lamp shed a straggling light through the apartment, only half illuminating it, so that the side on which Maguire's bed was standing was in deep shade, the other being lit by a dim halo which might have represented the radiance said to exist in a warmer region. The uncertain flame covered the floor and wall with obscure figures, at times upright and motionless, and again swaying wildly to and fro, crossing and intersecting each other like partners in some mystic dance. The pale beams of the full moon wandered into the chamber, mingling and blending with the rays of the lamp till one hardly knew whether the light emanated from it or from the gorgeous queen of the firmament. A gentle shower (or rather heavy dew, for it was nearly imperceptible,) was falling without, and the damp, cutting wind, swept in through the window, which the invalid would not permit to be closed. The oppressed breathing of my protector struck forebodingly on my ear, and my frame insensibly quivered at the sound, as if conscious that a crisis in my existence was fast approaching.

"Come nearer, Barney; sit down beside me—that will do."

A fit of coughing racked and tore his lungs, and a dark crimson bubble mounted to his lips. Recovering, he took my hand between his wasted fingers, on one of which a diamond ring glittered brilliantly, and spoke in a low, solemn tone, as follows:—

"Barney, I promised your mother to direct you in the course you ought to pursue, and I have done so to the best of my ability. You are young yet, unacquainted with the snares and pitfalls of life, and after I am gone you will be alone. Nay, do not speak, I know that I can survive but a few hours now, and the bitterness of death is past. The little I possess I leave you, and, in the way of money, it is small indeed.

"Oh! sir, do not mention lucre at such a moment as this—the wealth of India could not repay me for your loss. Must I part with you who have been a second father to me? No, no; you will not die."

Maguire's eyes filled with tears.

"This is more than I deserve," he murmured; "God has, indeed, darkened to my repentance. I am content to obey his summons, since *one*, at least, will lament my going. Barney, your affection has strengthened me, and will sustain me in the duty I have still to perform. There is something I can give you that will be of more value than gold and silver, by the use of which you may revel in unlimited wealth, and enjoy all the happiness that earth can bestow."

I began to think the poor man's mind was disordered.

"Years ago," he continued, "I rolled in temporary enjoyment and luxury, but I found that the cup of bliss concealed dregs of bitter, bitter anguish—that my life was a hideous mockery, and that its real pleasures eluded my grasp the more I indulged in the unlawful ones that arose at my bidding."

The shower had now changed to a torrent, the wind ceased, and the air, hot and sultry, was surcharged with electricity. The distant rumbling in the heavens foretold the coming storm, and I entreated him to let me shut the window. He waved his hand dissentingly, and again resumed:

"I have watched the developement of your character, and think you would employ the gift for your own good, and the good of others."

"And what is this wonderful gift?" I asked, wishing to humor him.

"The faculty of becoming INVISIBLE."

I was almost inclined to laugh in his face, notwithstanding the sad solemnity of the occasion. He saw my incredulity.

"Well, well; I dont wonder at it—I was myself as incredulous and hard of belief as you are at the present moment. Would that my unbelief had never been removed."

"I confess," I said, "that such a thing is beyond my comprehension. I have read as remarkable events in the old German legends and chronicles, but never expected to meet with them in these practical times. The age of miracles is past."

"So I thought once, and so I preached from the pulpit; but I have lived to behold and acknowledge the contrary."

The priest spoke in his usual quiet, collected manner; there was no excitement in his eye, and his features were calm and unflushed. He might be insane, but there was certainly a method in his madness.

The storm had gathered all its fury, and the lightning flashed incessantly into the apartment, accompanied by reverberating peals of thunder, breaking with the noise of a thousand cannon, and gradually receding, lessening, till it sounded faintly among the distant hills on the shore, or was lost in the steady, deadened fall of the rain on the roof overhead.

"Your unbelief," he continued, "is natural, but I must convince you. Look at me."

In compliance with his request I turned my head towards him—there was the bed, and the marks on it where his body had just been resting, but my worthy preceptor *was nowhere to be seen*. I rose to fly from the room, thinking that Father Maguire was the devil after all.

"Stay!" exclaimed his voice.

Somewhat re-assured, and suspecting a trick, I began to search the place thoroughly. Under the bed, behind the chairs, everywhere I scrutinized, but without result. Much alarmed, I called out:

"Come, come, Father, this subterfuge is unworthy of you—show yourself."

"Here I am," said his reverence.

And there he was, on the bed, sure enough, looking at me as composedly as if nothing unusual had happened. I was completely nonplussed.

"What do you say, now, unbeliever?"

"Say? why, I am either asleep, or you must be the ——"

"Ha! ha! its a glorious faculty, is it not? Take care that you don't abuse it. He who possessed me of it was a very wicked man, and his death was horrible—even now I see it."

Maguire covered his eyes with his hand, and for a few moments was silent. The exertion which had lent him momentary vigor left him weak and prostrated, when it was over.

"I must not recall the past," he said, at length, "I will inform you of the exact properties this strange gift carries with it. See! I am invisible, but if you place your hand upon the counterpane, you can feel my body. Try it."

I did as he directed, and felt that he was there, although I could not see him.

"It prevents you from being perceived," he resumed, again appearing, "but *not from being touched*. For example, you would be unable to escape from a man as long as he kept hold of you, while, at the same time, you might be invisible to him. I need not expatiate on the wonderful advantages this gift confers on its possessor—the universe, so to speak, lies at his feet; the cabinet of kings is as open to him as the highway; no monarch is more powerful, and, if he makes a right use of his power, no saint is happier. *Use it well, it will be a blessing; use it badly, it will be a curse.* To me it has proved the latter—a blasting, withering curse that has poisoned the very springs of existence, and muddled the stream of happiness as I stooped to drink it."

This, then, was the mystery connected with Father Maguire—*this* it was that marked him out from the common throng; and gave him such an inexpressible superiority over all with whom he came in contact—*this* it was that banished the smile of those who would have amused themselves with his uncouth exterior, that whispered in their ear, "beware! he is not a man to be laughed at."

At first, I could scarcely persuade myself I was not laboring under some delusion; but, although there was something ridiculous in the whole transaction, I had received undoubted proof of its reality, and was convinced of the truth of all I had witnessed. A strange thought flashed through my brain.

"Tell me, does every priest hold this power?"

"No, no; what put that in your head?" I am the only person alive to whom it is given. I bequeath it to you; when you are dying one of your children or some friend must inherit it, and thus it will go down from generation to generation, till Time surrenders to Eternity. It drove me to crime of the deepest dye; no man's riches were secure from my avarice, no man's wife from my lust; but repentance finally changed my heart, and I became a priest to wash out the measure of my iniquity."

Father Maguire drew the diamond ring from his finger and placed it on mine; on one side of the stone was engraved a cross encircled by a wreath.

"As long as you retain that ring, you may make yourself invisible by closing the left hand. Should you *lose it*, you lose the power it contains. Twenty-five years ago to night, it was entrusted to me. I was then residing in Dublin, having just received orders, and was as wild and thoughtless as most young men. It was a bitter December evening, when a boy tapped at my door, and besought me to attend the death bed of a man in the next street. Although much against my inclination to quit the sparkling fire and cheery wine cup for the cold and exposure of the night, I finally consented to visit the dying sinner, and administer the consolations of religion. Would that I had refused—what years of agony would have been spared me. The sick man was a Gipsey, and had led a bad life. He gave me the ring, but would offer no response when I asked from whom he received it. At first my exhortations had some effect, and he manifested signs of repentance; but, as the full tide of his former crimes rushed to his mind, he lost all hope of redemption, turned his face to the wall, and died in that condition, blaspheming God and man. Oh! it was horrible, horrible to hear the oaths that parted his lips, and even when seated in my comfortable chair, they rang in my ears till my flesh crept, and my blood seemed turned to ice by the remembrance. *They have haunted me ever since.*"

"And his name?"

"He did not mention it."

Father Maguire died the following day.

Thrown on my own resources at the age of seventeen, it will be naturally expected that I felt somewhat anxious and uncertain concerning my future movements. With most young men this would have, undoubtedly, been the case; but I had no fear in that regard—it seemed that the last few days had given me the firmness and judgment of maturity, and I felt as confident in my own powers, as if fifty years had lent me their experience. Possessing the means of satisfying every wish of my heart, I came to the conclusion that Ballintraw was not large enough for the display of my talents, and resolved to travel. Where would I go? This question gave me much difficulty to solve, and I turned it over and over again in my mind, without deciding on a satisfactory answer. The third evening after Maguire's death, I strolled leisurely out of the village and walked up towards Ballyshannon, repeatedly asking myself—"where will I go?" New York suggested itself—the pleasure of finding out my father, and astonishing him with my prosperity, rose in vivid colors before me, and I finally settled on it as the most appropriate field for my future operations. "Yes," I unconsciously murmured aloud, "that's the place."

"What's the place?" demanded a pleasant voice behind me.

Turning at the exclamation, I found that it was young squire Templeton, son of the navy officer for whom my father used to work.

"What are you mumbling about, my good fellow," he continued.

"I was thinking, your honor, to what corner of the world I would turn my steps—Father Maguire is dead, and there is but little chance of making a living in these parts."

"You seem to be a likely young boor—a son of James Fagan who went to the States, are you not?"

"I am."

"How would it suit you to enter my service—plenty to eat and drink, and nothing to do; at least nothing laborious?"

Before closing with this offer, I reflected whether it would be preferable or not to my design of proceeding to New York:

"What! do you hesitate?"

"No, your honor; I was merely saying to myself that I am tired of Donegal, and, as you may be stopping here a considerable time—"

"Oh! if that's all that bothers you, the affair is soon settled. I leave for London to-morrow; if you accept my proposal, you may get yourself in readiness to start."

Expressing my gratitude, I quitted Templeton and returned to the village. He was about thirty, a bachelor, and had the name of being very wild and dissipated. At the death of his father, he had succeeded to a pretty extensive property, which had rapidly melted away, however, under his carelessness and squanderings. During his yearly visits to England, an agent superintended the estate and ground down the tenantry with much greater severity than Templeton would have sanctioned or permitted, had he been acquainted with his conduct.

There is no greater curse laid upon the north of Ireland at the present day than this system of "absenteeism." Its baleful influence renders the landlord hateful to the tenant, and destroys that feeling of hereditary attachment to the great families formerly entertained by their dependants; should misfortune overtake the small farmer, he must still be on hand, as usual, with the rents—no latitude is permitted him on account of the failure of his crops, and no sympathy expressed for his losses. The agent cares nothing for his struggles and difficulties, being anxious only to collect the income of his master. Were the owner to live on his land and spend a tithe of his wealth among his tenantry, this state of things would be done away with; he would know the extent of their means, understand their habits and prejudices, and they would not only pay their rents cheerfully, but look up to him as their natural patron and protector. The truth of this will be sufficiently evident to all who contemplate the actions of the late Marquis of Waterford—neither political nor personal motives could withdraw him from his estates; overlooking them himself he entered into the joys and sorrows of his people, and the consequence was, his grounds were the best cultivated and most productive, and he was the most popular landed proprietor in the island.

My friends in Ballinhaw were quickly notified of my intended departure; the greater portion of the evening went by at the widow Boyle's cabin, and that worthy creature gave me her blessing, and bade farewell, with tears in her eyes; well she might, for I had been one of her best customers and had contributed many a bright shilling to her till. Leaving her place I called on Biddy Flannery, my fellow servant at Father Maguire's. The poor girl was as inconsolable at the news as was Calypso at the going of Ulysses; but she was not one who would grieve long, and I fully anticipated that some kind-hearted Telemachus would soothe her sorrows before I was half way to London.

The following morning I swung my little bundle over my shoulder, and trudged off, like another Dick Whittington seeking his fortune, to the Squire's mansion. A carriage was standing at the door, with several trunks resting on the rumble. Asking for Mr. Templeton, I was admitted to his bedroom; he was at breakfast, and held a cup of coffee in one hand and a late issue of the Londonderry *Journal* in another. Raising his eyes languidly from the paper, he merely glanced in my direction and rang a small bell placed beside him. The summons was responded to by a bloated domestic.

"Here, Williams," said the Squire, take this young man to your apartments and give him a suitable outfit—it wouldn't do to show him in London in that trim—he looks like a native of some newly discovered country."

Williams twisted his features into something intended for a smile and left the room, motioning me to follow. I was quickly arrayed in a handsome suit of black.

"Your name is Ferguson, eh?" asked Williams, looking at me admiringly. I nodded assent.

"Well, Fagan, you're a d—d lucky individual."

"How so, may I ask?"

"Why, here you're going off to Lannun to live in clover the rest of the year, while I must remain in this cursed desert, cooped up with old Stokes the agent. A man might just as well reside in limbo, if there be such a locality, for all the amusement he sees here; as master says, 'Ireland is a very fine country to have property in, but a miserable hole to live in.'"

"Why don't you leave it?"

"So I will if things don't mend, and to tell you the truth"—Williams approached nearer, looking cautiously round—"to tell you the truth, it's my opinion the young Squire is nearly cleaned out."

"Why do you think so?"

"I overheard him and Stokes holding a palaver about the rent; and it seems the people are too poor to settle up."

"I should'nt wonder at it."

"Besides, if a man gambles away twenty or thirty thousand pounds every London season, no estate could withstand the run. A word to the wise, you know."

"I understand you perfectly, Williams. And do you really believe Templeton's finances are in such a bad way?"

"Certain of it, so I'd advise you to keep an eye on your own interest while serving the Squire. Nothing like laying up a little for a rainy day—nothing."

Though somewhat disgusted at Williams' mercenary spirit, I was obliged to confess to myself that his remarks contained much good sense; I encouraged his talkative propensity to the utmost, and from his gossip, obtained a pretty fair insight into the character and proclivities of Mr. Templeton.

About ten o'clock we started on our journey—I was the only attendant he took with him, and occupied the front seat of the carriage, the Squire stretching himself out at full length on the back one. My fine clothes sat rather awkwardly on me at first, but I soon became accustomed to the change, and, being of a very observing and naturally forward disposition, studied to assume the fashionable ease displayed in the motions of my master. As to good looks, I flattered myself I was fully his equal, although my features, as yet, lacked the quiet self-possession which is only acquired by mixing with the world. He was evidently pleased with my appearance, but remained silent during our drive to Belfast, which port we reached the same afternoon. Of our passage to Liverpool and thence, by post to London, I will say nothing, as it includes only the usual routine of travel, and would be neither amusing nor interesting.

Night was just falling as we entered the modern Babylon, and I was amazed and bewildered by the vast crowds surging up and down the streets, the endless lines of vehicles and the ceaseless clamor of the multitude. Little time, however, was allowed for observation; we were whirled rapidly along the crowded thoroughfares, past Newgate, up Tureadneedle street, till the post-boy drew rein at a handsome house in Pall Mall.

A woman of about thirty-five received Mr. Templeton at the door, and we were shown up to an airy suite of rooms in the second story. This was my master's usual lodging when in town, and was kept by a Mrs. Sydney, formerly a well-known fashionable at the West End; her reputation had suffered from the scandal of high life, and she had thereupon subsided into her present comfortable position—boarding young men of fortune, and occasionally helping them to get rid of it. Her character will be developed as the narrative proceeds. Tired with our long journey, master and man were soon oblivious to surroundings, and the hero of this record never slept better than during his first night in London.

CHAPTER IV.

Tries the Secret—It works "to a Charm"—Takes a Gold Repeater—A Collision—Arrest—Escape by using the Charm—Crockford's Hell—Itself and Visitors.

I have refrained as much as possible from wearying the reader with the reflections and sensations caused by the changes in my circumstances during the past few days, and have wholly confined myself to the action of the story. Long dissertations are never very acceptable, and in these pages would be entirely out of place. During my career, I have been a man of deeds rather than words; and old habits are not easily shaken off. It is my intention to avoid useless description and phraseology, painting the scenes through which I passed in such a manner that all may readily comprehend the feelings they engendered.

I found that my duties towards my master were comparatively light; he led the usual life of a "fast man" during the London season—spent his nights at parties and routs, at Almack's and Crockford's, reposing during the day. What Williams had told me concerning his penchant for gambling was strictly true.

After three in the afternoon I was at liberty to follow my own inclinations until the next morning, which gave me ample scope to learn the mysteries and miseries of the metropolis. It may appear strange that, with the terrible facility I possessed, I was contented to remain in the service of Templeton, instead of striking out into the sea of life on my own responsibility.

Though by no means deficient in the article vulgarly termed "brass," I was still disinclined to swim away from the shore, until I knew completely the danger and depth of the waters beyond. Like a coward with a loaded musket in his hands, I held the power of life and death, yet was fearful of using it.

The day after our arrival I determined to put Father Maguire's legacy to the test. Standing before a large pier glass, I closed my left hand—like a charm the thing worked, and I was instantly invisible. Thrice I repeated the experiment, and each time with the same success. Encouraged by these first advances, I opened the door and sallied out into the hall—Mrs. Sydney was speaking with another lady at the entrance to the front parlor; I passed backward and forward between them, but not a sign or word indicated their knowledge of my presence. Pausing beside our hostess, I listened to the conversation.

"So, Mr. Templeton has returned."

"Yes, and I am highly delighted at it—the house was so dull and quiet looking without him. His health is much improved, too, and he seems to be as gay as ever."

"You must tell him to call on me."

"I will, certainly, but we are no longer young, and men are very fickle."

"Why are you so absurd—you know I care nothing for them."

"Oh! I don't want to hear your little secrets, dear; besides, he is going to be married, if rumor speaks correctly."

I pricked up my ears.

"Who to, pray?"

"To Miss Berton, Sir George's youngest daughter; but it's merely an *on dit*, so you need'nt despair."

"No fear of that, Mrs. Sydney."

"There, don't be angry, I am merely jesting."

The discourse of the ladies wandered off into the regions of fashion, and finding it becoming rather insipid, I descended the stoop, and sauntered leisurely down Pall Mall.

My attention was drawn to a jeweler's window, in which were displayed watches, chains, rings, bracelets and bijouteries of every description. A gold repeater took my fancy exactly; I walked in, passed round the counter, where the proprietor of the store was busily casting up accounts, and abstracted it from the window. The worthy tradesman never raised his eye from the book, but continued adding up a long line of figures. As I was departing, a lady entered—the same who had just been conversing with Mrs. Sydney. The jeweler dropped his pen, elevated his eyebrows, and advanced, all smiles and bows.

"Lady Mowbray, I trust you have enjoyed good health since my humble shop was last honored by your presence."

"Yes, yes—see, you must arrange the setting of this portrait, is completely out of order. When can you let me have it?"

"To-morrow evening, your ladyship, at the soonest."

"Send it to me then, and be very particular that no one beholds but yourself."

"Fear nothing, in that respect."

Bidding him good day, the customer swept out of the shop.

"'Pon my life," said the artizan to himself, "it's a marvel of workmanship, and a very handsome one too. I wonder how her husband would like to see it."

Anxious to know what the individual looked like, of whose portrait Lady Mowbray was so careful, I stole behind the jeweler and glanced over his shoulder. Truly, the features were prepossessing, and not unfamiliar to me. It was Templeton. I mentally resolved to call for the portrait the following evening—say Lady Mowbray had sent me, and obtain an interview with her by returning it. She was a beautiful woman, and, from what I had witnessed, I did not expect she would be difficult to win. I determined to make her mine, either through her fears or her passions, as the portrait, once in my hands, would enable me to threaten, should softer measures fail.

Leaving the store, I walked along a few squares, meditating on what I had just witnessed, and was so occupied with my thoughts that I ran violently against some one advancing in the opposite direction. He started back, looking angrily about for the cause of the concussion, but, not seeing me, concluded that the individual who had run full tilt against him was the man coming up behind me. Accordingly he exclaimed:

"Where the 'ell are you runnin' to—can't ye keep yer heyes hopen, blast yer?"

The person thus unceremoniously accosted, replied:

"Some mistake, sir—what do you mean?"

"No mistake at all," rejoined the cockney. "I saw yer as plain as I do now. I'll leave it to this gentleman if yer didn't hinderver to knock me down!" at the same time pointing to me. I disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, and the fellow continued:

"For two brass buttons I'd let daylight into yer—I would, so 'elp me 'eaven."

The other began to get angry at these threats, and, finding that the cockney would not listen to reason, prepared to force his way past him. Quite a crowd was now assembled, attracted by the quarrelling, and both men were advised on all sides to "shut up and pitch in." This would probably have been the case had not other actors entered on the scene, in the shape of the police, who laid violent hands on the combatants and several of the bystanders, including myself. We were marched off among the cheers of the mob, and a ragged little boot black assured me, with his fingers extended from his nose, that I "was in for thirty days, I might bet my life."

I began to calculate the chances of giving my captors the slip; this was a pretty predicament to get into during my first night in London; one of the officers held me tightly by the arm, and kept his eye constantly fixed on me; I turned away my head, so that he would not obtain an accurate view of my countenance; and in this way we passed through Fleet street, and brought up at a station house near the river. Through a long, narrow corridor we were conducted and showed into a large room, lit up with gas, in the upper end of which a pompous looking man was seated at a table. We were all ranged in a row before this dignatary, but scarcely was the hand of the officer taken from my shoulder than I disappeared a great hubbub immediately ensued. "An escape, an escape!" resounded through the hall. I could not get out of the door—it was locked; I jumped up on the platform and stood beside the little magistrate. The policemen searched every nook and corner of the room, and I could scarcely contain my mirth at their look of consternation when I was nowhere to be found.

"Blow me, if I can imagine where he's gone to," said one.

"Must have jumped out of the window," chimed in another.

They finally relinquished the search, and proceeded to the examination of those who remained. The cockney testified that he was going about his business quietly and peacefully when the other jostled him off the sidewalk and tried to pick his pocket; that he was remonstrating with him on his unbecoming behavior, when the "jarvis" came up and arrested him. His late opponent gave a very different version of the affair—he had been violently assaulted, and threatened without the slightest provocation whatever, and was as innocent as the child unborn. The modern Dogberry patiently heard both sides, and decided that the principals should be fined one pound each for creating a riot in the public street, and the rest be fined ten shillings each for aiding and abetting the same. This sentence was received with great dissatisfaction, but the prisoners were obliged to disgorge, and departed, with faces visibly lengthened by the extortion. The magistrate placed the money on his desk; as he was making an entry of it in his memoranda, I conveyed the funds to my own pocket and followed them.

The incidents of the night were not yet over. Pausing in front of a brilliantly lighted saloon, I drew out the watch lent me by the jeweler. It was only eight o'clock, and as Templeton would not require my service before morning, I resolved to see a little more of the great world around me. Knowing that my master frequented Crockford's gambling house, I felt an inclination to become acquainted with its mysteries, and mingle in the aristocratic circles usually gathered there. Making enquiry of a pedestrian, he informed me that we were in its immediate vicinity, and, following his directions, I quickly stood before the entrance. The upper classes of English society patronized this famous "hell," because none but wealthy people were admitted to its tables; belonging exclusively to the peerage and large landed proprietors, like Mr. Templeton, fortunes were nightly lost and won within its halls. The principal game then, as now, was "rouge et noire," which, for the purposes of gambling, is certainly superior to every other. It was conducted fairly and openly at Crockford's, although the chances of the bank are always seventy-five per cent above those of the players; consequently, he who stakes his money regularly, must be a loser in the end. But they who know when to leave off, frequently win immense sums. Templeton, as I afterwards learned, gambled systematically—he entered the rooms with a certain amount—if he lost that, he would stop, if luck favored him, he would always retire in time to save his winnings. At some "hells" it would be impossible to act in this manner—if the person who plays against the bank, wins heavily he is expected to continue the game; he cannot rise from the table when he wishes, or, if he does, he is henceforth a *marked man*. This is particularly the case at such establishments as Parker's and Vincent's adjoining each other, in Drury Lane. The habitues of Crockford's, on the contrary, were perfectly free and uncontrolled in their actions—they might cease betting, if successful, and no notice would be taken of it: this gave confidence to the patrons of the place, and rendered the meetings more like family parties than collections of men anxious to finger each other's cash. There is nothing like clothing vice with the garments of virtue.

A large colored light revolved at the main entrance, and, drawing back the green baize door, I stepped into the lower hall; several attaches, elegantly dressed, were lounging about, but I had already taken my precautions, and passed along unquestioned and unseen. A broad, marble staircase led to the first story, and statues lined it at every two or three yards, placed in niches in the wall; the bannisters were curiously wrought of mahogany, studded with brass, and were extremely firm and massive. As I advanced, the display of wealth and luxurious profusion was something wonderful to my untutored mind—every art seemed to have been brought under contribution to beautify and adorn the mansion, so much so that I almost fancied it would be only pleasure to lose a fortune in such an exquisite retreat. On the first landing were several loungers, arrayed in livery, whom I went by as I had those below. The ante-room gave no suspicion of the real business of the house—it possessed the appearance rather of a "salon a manger," and wines and meats of the choicest quality tempted the visitor to the feast. Everything was on the most liberal and expensive scale, as if the spirits of the scene desired to lull their victim into blissful security before their real purpose was unmasked.

"Truly," I murmured, "the devil is well served here."

This specimen of the establishment sharpened my appetite for its further developments, and I hastily made my way to the apartments beyond. Nor was I disappointed in the wonders they contained; three chandeliers of mammoth size were suspended from the ceiling, one at the head, one at the middle and one at the lower end of the vast chamber; the blaze of light was, at first, insupportable, but my eyes gradually became accustomed to its glare, and I could distinctly behold every aspect of the room. About one hundred and fifty people were scattered on all sides, some playing, some talking, and some doing nothing. Sofas and arm-chairs were abundant along the walls, the feet sunk in the finest Brussels, and the mirrors reflected the inmates, the floor and furniture again and again till the eye was wearied with the endless spectacle. But the principal objects of attraction were located in the centre of the saloon; four tables were there standing, and at the head of each sat the master of the game, with his instruments before him; beside this functionary was seated the croupier who announced the results of the play and raked

it the winnings of the bank. It was absorbingly interesting to watch the motions of the faces gathered about the board, all were nervous and excited, but the greater portion concealed their real feelings beneath smiles of indifference, and assumed an utter carelessness as to whether they won or lost. The best understanding seemed to prevail between them, and no exquisite could be more polite and affable in a lady's parlor than they who had staked their means on the turning of the rotation black. Waiters moved about silently, attending to the wishes of the players, never in the way, but always ready when wanted. I had supposed that the company at Crockford's would be mostly made up of young men—younger brothers and presumptive heirs to large estates, needing ready money; but I had closely reckoned without my host; grey beards were as plentiful as their juniors, and entered as fearlessly into the windings of the game. Many were of high rank, as I perceived when they addressed each other; no concealment of names was judged necessary; only "men of honor" congregated here, and none were permitted the entree unless recommended by wealth or pedigree.

At the side tables various other games were carried on, and some even amused themselves with dice and dominoes. Two gentlemen in a corner seemed deeply interested over a chess-board, but, as I contemplated them, it struck me that their conversation was rather more animated than is usual at that beautiful science, and I approached to catch the subject on which they were so intent. They were speaking in a low, earnest tone.

"He must die—there is no alternative."

"But, the risk; consider the risk: murders have become so common in London, the police would make every exertion to ferret us out. We must put him out of the way in some manner less dangerous—I have no ambition to run my head into a halter, although you may."

"There is no method so sure as death, and it must come to that in the end."

"It's what *will* come to in the end, if your programme is followed. No, no! I have too much respect for my own safety to fancy a quadrille with the hangman for a partner."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BROOKLYN.—"If one man bet another $100 to $50 on the fight between Heenan and Sayers, and the fight is declared a draw by the referee, is the money divided equally between the parties betting, or does each party draw his original amount?".....According to a strict construction of section 23, of the London rules, our opinion is that the money should be equally divided. Here is the law upon the subject—"That should the fight not be decided on the day, all bets, instead of being drawn, *shall be put together and divided*, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the bets shall stand and be decided by the event." This seems plain enough, and as the fight between Heenan and Sayers was not decided on the day, or in the same week, it follows that outside bets should be put together and divided.

W. G., Philad'a.—"A dispute arose regarding the recent fight, and a wager was the result, to be left for your decision. Heenan's friends allege that Morrissey cut the ropes during the fight, and I, as a friend of Morrissey, deny it. We have agreed to let you decide."..... We have heard such report, and also saw it recorded in some of the papers. We asked our reporter, who was close by Morrissey at the time, and he says that Morrissey did not cut the ropes. We have conversed with other parties, and they coincide with our reporter.

AUGUSTUS.—"1. A bets B 20 to 20 that Sayers will not whip Heenan in 45 minutes. 2. A bets B 20 to 20 that Sayers will not whip Heenan in one hour 30 minutes. 3. A bets B 20 to 25 that Sayers will not whip Heenan at all. How are these wagers decided?".....A wins the two first, but as the referee has not yet given his final decision regarding the fight, we prefer to wait before deciding the last.

SUBSCRIBER, Rochester.—1. Heenan gained flesh by being thrown off in his training, owing to the arrest, etc. When not in exercise, a man will accumulate flesh very fast. He wished a day or two in order that he might throw off this superfluous matter, but as it would have interfered with the speculations of certain parties, Mr. Dowling refused him. 2. His blows cut Sayers, certainly. 3. See Ring Department.

H., U. S. S. Pennsylvania, Gosport.—For every picture we sent to agents, a paper went with it, the *two together* costing retail agents only *four* cents. Purchasers are entitled to both picture and paper—the supplement is a part of the paper of the extra, and agents who have sold them separate have not acted fairly to their customers. Thanks for the hint.

J. A. How.—If we were printing a paper for yourself alone, we should be happy to obey your instructions; but as the CLIPPER is intended for general circulation, we endeavor to please the public, and the success we have met with is proof that our efforts are appreciated.

N. McC., Sing Sing.—It is only of late years that a record of time has been kept; and we cannot state, definitely, what is the fastest time ever made by one man in rowing. In another column, you will find a table of time, etc., wherein Chambers is mentioned as having made extraordinary time.

T. A. SCOTT, Boston.—It was *after* the fight between Heenan and Morrissey that we published the statement that win or lose with Heenan, he, Morrissey would fight no more; but it was *before* the said fight that Morrissey so expressed himself to us and others.

J. D. LYFORD, Manchester.—Received yours of the 1st inst. Will send the book as soon as it is issued. It is very explicit in reference to all points of the game. 1. He retains the bat until a fair ball is struck. 2. Yes. 3. H. L. "hands lost."

C. C. K., Montague, Mass.—1. After his fight with Sullivan, Hyer challenged the world; there was some talk about such a match, but we do not remember the exact amount spoken of in the Morrissey affair. 2. Hyer sent a challenge, but it was never published.

J. B. H., Cairo, Ill.—There are so many fixtures, etc., necessary, that we cannot go into particulars, for want of space. You will get an idea, however, from "Walker's Manly Exercises," which can be purchased through any bookseller.

JOHN B. W., Worcester.—1. Sam Patch was killed in diving over the Genesee Falls, at Rochester. 2. Not directly. 3. George Nichols was beaten by Tom Jones. 4. Barney Ford is living, but where we cannot say.

SHANGHAI NED, Warren, R. I.—1 Time bets hold good—you lose your bet that Heenan would win inside of 30 minutes. 2. The punishment is greater in this country. 3. Heenan has had nothing like a fair show.

D. A. P., Boston.—We feel highly complimented by your note, but must claim your pardon for not publishing it. We are already over run with similar communications. As you say, *Bell's Life* has lost its prestige in this country. See ring department.

SMITH AND BROWN.—We have always held that, where one party contracts to *beat* another, and in attempting to do so, merely *ties*, the party so failing to beat, loses the wager, and as the question submitted comes under this head, our opinion is, that Smith loses.

FAIR PLAY, Tamaqua, Pa.—It is *not* against the rules of the ring to catch a man around the neck, or, as it is more generally termed, getting an opponent's head in chancery. See remarks in our Ring Department.

BLACK WAX, Brooklyn.—We should be happy to give publicity to your communication, but we are so over run with letters that we have to omit the most of them. Your sentiments are fully expressed in our own remarks elsewhere.

C. D. H., Worthington, Mass.—Heenan and Morrissey did not give exhibitions together after their fight in Canada. They sparred together one night for a charitable purpose—the benefit of widow Harrington.

W. S. H., Cincinnati.—1. Assisting Morrissey to the scratch was contrary to the rules. 2. The steamship President was lost in the spring of 1841. 3. A wins, the 10 not beating A's throw.

E. PERRY, San Francisco, Cal.—As the party you inquired for is not now with Mr. Foster, Pittsburgh, you will please address care of Col. Fitzgerald, "City Item" office, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN ABONNER, Norwalk.—The belt must be fought for in England. In case the party holding it should forfeit the security, and bring the belt here, it could be fought for if the holder were so disposed.

JIM.—Evidence.—There are several books on the subject. Get "Dickie, Mayhew & Hutchinson on the Dog." You can order it through any bookseller.

COSEY.—There were no papers printed on board the steamer; some were printed in London before the steamer sailed, and sent here by her.

PEARL STREET.—1. He was born in this country—but where we cannot say—about the year 1817. 2. He never champion of England.

M. N., Waterbury.—His recent course showed that he was adverse to the Boy's interests, though supposed to be friendly. The rest is as you state.

E. FILKINS UNUM, Paterson.—We have never charged him with cutting the ropes, and your defence is unnecessary as far as the CLIPPER is concerned.

B. C., Philad'a.—Should there be no fight, the bet is off, but B. is entitled to the dollar. If they fight, and Heenan loses, C must pay half the amount wagered by B.

BILLY COMOUT, Memphis, Tenn.—The price is 20 cents per foot. You can procure them of Mr. Ingersoll, 243 and 244 South street, New York.

MANY SUBSCRIBERS, Philad'a.—If the battle money is drawn, outside bets made as you stipulate in your note, are decided the same way.

A. E. B., Port Jervis.—Heenan challenged Morrissey immediately after their fight in Canada, and before a challenge passed between Heenan and Sayers.

WABASH, Lafayette, Ind.—Your "Irrepressible Conflict" must be refused, as far as the CLIPPER is concerned. It is not up to your standard of humor.

NEWARK.—He proposed to fight Heenan, after he had fought Sayers; but we have no evidence that he intends to give the Boy a meeting.

H. S. C., Philadelphia.—You have not given us the location; and the account of the match is also very badly made out. We have no time to answer by mail.

AN ADMIRER OF BENICIA, Westfield.—It was against all rules of Prize Fighting, but the Boy was not on the stage to have fair play, and no notice was taken of it. Dowling had too much interest at stake.

6TH AVENUE.—Your friend is wrong; we are not responsible for what was stated by *Bell's Life*, and which was republished in our columns. If he bet that the CLIPPER said thus and so, he lo es.

FRIEND OF PUGILISM, Brownsville, N. Y.—1. McDonald never trained Sayers, but has seconded him. 2. Address Hoe & Co., New York.

CUTLY, Brooklyn.—1. We do not know where they are at present. 2. You will find a history of the match in our "International Clipper." 3. A good suit will cost you $5.00.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Sir Henry beat Eclipse in a first heat, but never in a race. 2. It is doubtful whether the Sir Henry "out west" is the one above referred to. Sir Henry is a running horse.

MULLACK, N. Y.—1. Lady Woodruff's best time was 2:29½. 2. Flora Temple is located somewhere in New Jersey at her winter quarters.

LONG ISLAND.—1. Fashion and Peytona ran their race on Long Island, in 1845, for stakes amounting to $20,000. 2. It was *not* the last race run on Long Island.

J. D. B.—We have no other answer to make—the matter depends upon circumstances, altogether; if the bonds were so heavy that the man could not appear, he would not lose.

J. H. G., Cincinnati.—1. We have thrown out the "adv." 2. Died in one of the Eastern States, New Hampshire, we believe. 3. Not so.

A. W. F., Philad'a.—We cannot send it to you sooner than the agents have it.

M. P. N., New Orleans.—The cognomen, "Benicia Boy," was given to him in California.

AMATEUR OARSMAN.—Will mention the subject to some of our oarsmen.

J. T., Forest City, Cal.—He has given up fighting, so that it would be useless to publish your challenge.

H. W. H., Saratoga Springs.—F. pays for whatever number of cigars it was agreed to throw for.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, Baltimore.—You will find that match referred to in this issue—they fought for $2500 a side.

W. R. S., Boston.—As the battle lasted an hour, and Sayers did not win in that time, you lose the wager.

G. S. H., Milford, N. J.—All right among friends. "International" forwarded.

P. J. D., Brooklyn.—Jack Randall was born in London, of Irish parents.

S. M., Newburgh, Ohio.—A portion in London, but most of them in New York.

W. G. P., South Berwick, Me.—1. Yankee Sullivan fought Hammer Lane, in England. 2. His age is 26.

H. B. t., Brooklyn.—We have been unable to get at the real facts in regard to the birth place of Mr. Harrison.

T. B. O'C., Savannah, Ga.—Sullivan got the first knock down in his fight with Hyer.

G. A., Paine's Point.—"International" forwarded. Subscription expires with No. 21, present volume.

WM. H., Boston.—We have not space for your lines, however much we might desire to oblige you.

J. A. B., Cohoes.—1. See answer to S. M. 2. It is incorrect in some particulars, having, doubtless, been gotten up in a hurry.

H. M. P., Old Deerfield, Mass.—You can reach them by addressing care of Dexter House, Broome street, near Broadway.

J. R. G., Chicago.—The great fight between Hyer and Sullivan took place on the 7th of February, 1849.

GRIMSHAW, Brasher Falls.—1. Mendoza was 57 years of age when he fought his last battle. 2. We have none of those games.

P. F. W., Albany.—They were not restricted to any particular weight.

H. W., Philad'a.—McDonald is a native of Ireland—we do not know his exact age.

L. B., Paris, Ky.—We can forward you a set of boxing gloves for five dollars, freight extra.

T. P. W., Cincinnati.—You will find a treatise on the subject in "Walker's Manly Exercises." We know of none on dumb bells.

E. A. D.—In the event of his deciding it a draw, you do not lose—the stakes are divided.

TRUDGE, Suspension Bridge.—Jack Rossiter is not dead, but is somewhere in the neighborhood of Rochester.

H. B.—1. We have no information on that point. 2. The Persia's eastern trip of nine days one hour and a half is the best.

CORK, Boston.—Until the referee decides the main question, we cannot undertake to settle your outside bet.

M. A. & Co., Philad'a.—Heenan never fought a prize fight until he fought Morrissey at Long Point.

COHOES FRIENDS.—We really have no room for your song; we have more than one hundred of a similar character that we cannot insert.

RICHELIEU, Baltimore.—1. Those are matters of opinion only. 2. We have heard it so stated, but do not know it to be a fact.

P. R., Philad'a.—1. If your parents object, obey them, instead of following your own inclination. 2. Commence with seven pounders.

ONE OF HORN'S MINSTRELS.—1. Pierce Egan, it is said. 2. See our theatrical record last week and this. 3. Those rebuses are alike.

MIKE HEALEY, Benwood.—Seven battles are placed to his credit in the London and American prize rings.

D. M.—Hammer Lane is supposed to have had his right arm injured in the third round. There were 19 rounds fought in all.

BILL MC.—Send to Wilmer's, corner of Liberty and Nassau, $10 per annum.

N. E. P., Baltimore.—We have been watching, too, and our sentiments are the same.

J. M., Cleveland.—Tom Sayers' lowest fighting weight is about 150 lbs.

STRANGER.—The Persia has made the best time on the eastern passage.

SHADDUCH, Albany.—It was so stated.

A NOVICE.—It is over, and there is no need of renewing the discussion.

CAPTAIN TOM B, Rockford, Ill.—The box and contents came safe to hand. Accept our thanks for the same.

A. R.—We have more songs on the subject than we know what to do with.

X. Y. Z., Nantucket, Mass.—They finish the game, leaving their scores as they stand.

FRANK C.—The point should be arranged before commencing the game—we hold that a player cannot go alone where a partner assists.

S. MCN., Franklin, N. Y.—Five dollars per sett, here. We can send them to you.

R. A. E., Hillsdale, Mich.—If the Eagle refuse to accept a fair challenge, the B. B. hose company is entitled to the rooster.

G. W. O.—Many thanks—we have used some of those sent last week.

W. W., Newmarket, C. W.—There have been many more than twenty draws since the prize ring came into vogue.

F. F., Toronto.—Heenan's height is six feet one inch and a half; Sayers' height, five feet, eight inches and a half.

E. T., Louisville, Ky.—The fight between Heenan and Morrissey lasted 20 minutes.

SNAPPER & Co., Philad'a.—Do you want the heavy or light weights?

HAMLET.—We don't know, not having a list of the figures of each.

A. and B., Great Falls, N. H.—It is a catch, and therefore no bet.

READER, South Danvers.—Depends upon your aptitude for learning.

M. G., Troy.—They did not meet until the morning of the fight.

T. G., Upton, Mass.—There were two judges, and one referee.

H. O. H., Rochester.—Geo. M. Patchen's best time, is 2:25½.

CAMP, Boston.—As G's string did *not* beat C's, the latter wins.

H. S.—He is champion of middle weights, but not of light.

S. B. M.—We know of no work devoted to the subject.

J. M. G.—Send a deposit, and he promises to cover it.

Y. S.—Heenan is of American birth, and Irish descent.

P. R.—We have been unable to ascertain the fact.

BARD ELECTIVE.—We have too many already.

BENICIA.—See our "INTERNATIONAL CLIPPER."

J. J. S., Detroit.—We have not room for it.

J. W. H.—See answer to W. S. H.

SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot tell.

PHILADELPHIA.—We have none.

COMUS.—About $45.

☞ Other correspondents will be attended to as soon as we can get a chance at them.

NO BELT, NO MORE MATCHES.—There is no use in wasting time in making these International Billiard and Racket matches recently talked about. If Heenan is cheated out of the trophy he has so indisputably won in England, it were folly to attempt to get off an international match in this country, for it would most certainly prove a one-sided affair, and the "best *mob* would win." "Remember Farnborough," would be the cry.

WHAT SAYERS THINKS OF HEENAN'S BLOWS.—A correspondent of one of our dailies says that Sayers asserts that *the blows which Heenan leveled at him were terrific, and that once, when his seconds lifted him from the ground, he could not see the ring or anything about him.*

NATIONAL.—At an Annual Meeting of the National Base Ball Club, of Harlem, the following officers were chosen: President, James I. Howard; Vice President, John C. McGrath; Secretary, George S. Sloane; Treasurer, Theo. Fink. Play days, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at Mount Morris.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

WHAT OF THE FIGHT.

To sum up the latest news from London, it may be stated that the referee has not yet rendered a decision in the recent fight, and is evidently endeavoring to create a feeling against Heenan by his one-sided articles in his paper. Heenan demands his decision—he also demands another meeting at once, or, in the event of Sayers' inability to fight again, he demands the Belt, which he has fairly and honestly won. To this, the man Dowling refuses to reply, or, at least, had vouchsafed no response at last advices. Sayers, it further appears, *cannot fight at present, in consequence of the severe injuries he received at the hands of Heenan on the 17th.* A surgeon's certificate is being prepared, to show that Sayers *cannot meet Heenan at present*, and also to show *about* what time he (Sayers) *may* be able to renew the fight. And all this subterfuge, mind you, in the face of the public declarations so valiantly made in the London papers that Sayers was ready at any moment to give his antagonist another meeting. Heenan is ready, and anxious for another meeting; Sayers is *not* ready, and it is said will not be fit much sooner than two months.

We have written to Heenan, advising him not to make a fresh match, from the fact that the opposition to him will be greater than ever should they meet again. He has won the belt, and if the English people choose to rob him of it, better let them do it than risk his life in the hands of another mob of rioters. Should they come together again, we fear that the ruffianly gang will make shorter work of it than they did on the former occasion, and may not only rob him of the fight, but rob him of his life as well. This is strong language, but we firmly believe all we have said.

Heenan will have to play his cards very shrewdly, for he is now not only surrounded by open enemies, but by enemies in the guise of friendship, men who have opposed him stoutly while it was certain that Sayers "could not lose," but who now, that he (Heenan) has proved himself the master of the English champion, worm themselves into his confidence as friends. Let him beware of such friends.

It will be recollected that a few weeks since, Heenan wrote to us that it had been arranged to fight on the 18th, and so it proved, and this would have given the Boy another day to reduce the superfluous flesh on his face; but to accommodate a lot of newspaper speculators, with whom the man Dowling was in league, *the day was put back to the 17th* by the referee; thus risking the loss of the battle to Heenan, so that private speculators in newspapers might be enabled to get their wares off by the steamer which sailed on the 18th. Heenan's face was too fleshy, caused by his arrest, confinement, etc., and being thrown off in his training, and this will account for the great swelling and bleeding when Sayers' blows reached Heenan's frontispiece. And yet, knowing this fact, Heenan must be sacrificed to accommodate the schemes of certain speculators—hundreds of thousands of dollars of the American people's money must be risked—*to beat the* NEW YORK CLIPPER *in getting out a report of the fight for the American market!* This is the gist of the deep laid schemes in London, to which the man Dowling willingly lent his aid. And yet, notwithstanding all this scheming, and finessing, and sacrificing of the Boy's interests to beat us, we have the gratification of announcing that the CLIPPER *circulated* DOUBLE *the number of extras in this country of any other paper English or American!* We have merely referred to this matter to show the despicable shifts to which certain parties have been compelled to resort.

And now to the match. Will there be another fight? We think not. Sayers evidently does not desire it, and his backers will be only too glad to get off their bets, which had been laid at such heavy odds. We had hoped to receive a letter from the Boy himself for this issue of the CLIPPER, but as he has had to defend himself against the London press, he has not had time to write to us. Our advice to him is, to return home at once. There is no fair play in the London Prize Ring for him, that's certain. The "fair field" has gone to the dogs—there is no longer such a thing in England, as far as the Prize Ring is concerned, and it would be better for the Boy to have done with the whole lot.

Little Charley Lynch, the American feather weight champion in England, has been defeated. It was apparent that he would be defeated on his merits, so the mob did not find it necessary to break in the ring.

We are glad to find that the American sea captains in Liverpool had subscribed $1000 for Heenan. See ring department for progress of the match, and testimonial meeting in behalf of Heenan.

A MINISTER OF STATE FAVORABLE TO PUGILISM.—On a recent occasion, when, in the British House of Commons, objections were made against pugilism in general, and the Heenan and Sayers fight in particular, the Home Secretary silenced the straight-laced carpers, by the observation, in support of the principle of ring encounters, that, "in all large communities, quarrels would take place; and it was much better that such should be settled by nature's weapons than by those of art." It is to be regretted that the manliness expressed in those few words was not exemplified by other persons' *deeds* on the occasion of the great international battle itself.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING RACE.—The proposed race between Ward and Chambers is likely to end in smoke, as it will be highly injudicious for the English Champion to contest a race on New York waters, for the "fair play" principle, as recently carried out in England, will certainly manifest itself here should any international matches be attempted.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER.—This annual compilation has just come to hand. It is published by Jones, Thorpe & Hays, of the old *Spirit of the Times*, No. 145 Fulton street. It gives reports of all the races that have taken place in the United States and Canada during the year 1859, together with a list of winning horses, pedigrees, rules of racing, etc.

FEATHER WEIGHT CHAMPION BEATEN.—In another part of this issue we give a report of the fight between Charley Lynch and Shaw, in which the American, Lynch, was defeated—consequently there was no necessity for "cutting the ropes."

SEEREITER.—Detroit, May 2.—ED. CLIP.—Frequent allusions are made by sporting papers to challenges sent to our billiard champion, Mr. Seereiter, by various professors of the game, and expressions of surprise are made that no notice is taken of them by Mr. S. There is no cause for wonder among those who recollect that Mr. Seereiter issued a challenge to play any man in the United States a game of billiards, similar to the one played between Mr. Phelan and himself, and for a like amount. This challenge was given through the press long before some of these challenges were heard of in connection with the game. If any one really means anything but advertising his rooms or his tables, let him accept Mr. Seereiter's challenge, or forever hold his peace. Hoping Mr. S. may find a competitor, I subscribe myself Yours, &c. SPOT BALL.

A GRAND SHOOTING MATCH is to take place at Red Bank, N. J., on the 10th inst., open to all—entrance fee, $25; to shoot at 25 birds each, 1⅛ ounce shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, from ground trap. We hear that Messrs. Carson, Cornell, Seeds (Jersey Boy), and Johnson, have entered, so that some good shooting may be expected. Boats start from South-street wharf, Philadelphia, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

THE AMERICAN DIME JOKE BOOK—By Scizzors.—This is a little affair of sharp, quick, and telling things, and more characteristic of the peculiar humor of Yankeedom than many a book of greater bulk and pretension. As its title implies, it is sold for one dime. E. D. Long & Co., of No. 26 Ann street, N. Y., are the publishers.

MARGARET, MARCHIONESS OF MINIVER.—This is another work from the always popular Lady Clara Cavendish. It is one of her best novels, and very neat in the shape it is presented to us. 8vo., pp. 130. Price 50 cents. Published by E. D. Long & Co., No 26 Ann street, N. Y.

THE RESOLUTE BASE BALL CLUB, of Brooklyn, has already commenced regular practice on their grounds on Wheat Hill, and meet for that purpose on Tuesday and Friday afternoons of each week. At their late annual election they placed themselves under the following government:—President, R. S. Canfield; Vice President, H. C. Swain; Secretary, A. H. Rogers; Treasurer, A. Rogers; Directors, Messrs. Cowperthwaite, Adams, and Bengress.

FORREST BASE BALL CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Forrest Base Ball Club, held on the 3d inst., the following persons were chosen officers for the ensuing year:—President, Jacob Weirch; Vice President, John Thompson; Secretary, George A. Lambrecht; Treas., George Kraus, re-elected; Directors, Francis Brehm, George A. Lambrecht.

RUNNING FOR A "V."—Arnold Smith, professionally known as the Big Indian Runner, covered a mile on the 25th ult., at New Canaan, Conn., for $5, the stipulation being that he should get over the distance in six minutes. He achieved the task manfully in 5 minutes 58 seconds, there having to be two seconds to spare.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

THE FALSTAFF—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evening. Mr. Michaels, the tenor, will preside on Monday, and Mr. Mordecai Lyon, baritone, on Saturday. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

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FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH,

The Great Fight Still Undecided.

EFFORTS OF THE REFEREE,

DOWLING,

TO SET HIMSELF RIGHT.

HEENAN READY FOR ANOTHER TRIAL.

Sayers' Arm in Doubt.

ARRIVAL OF MORRISSEY IN NEW YORK FROM ENGLAND.

EXCITEMENT UNABATED.

THERE is but little if any abatement in public interest concerning the great pugilistic event between Heenan and Sayers, and every mail is anxiously looked for to learn whether or not a decision has been rendered by the referee, the man Dowling. By the mails which left England on the 21st ult., we learn that no definite conclusion had been arrived at regarding future operations, and the referee had not yet rendered a decision, whether to draw, or to fight again. Sayers had been seen in public the day after the fight, with a cut on his lip, another on his nose, his face swelled, etc., and his right arm in a sling—yet the London journals intimate that he is free from injury. Heenan had also been out, the swelling about his eyes having been reduced, and the sight restored. He had intended visiting Epsom, but the weather being inclement, his friends induced him to remain at home. McDonald left to attend the races, and the *Sporting Life* states that "when MacDonald left, Heenan appeared in the best of spirits, and threw his cap after him as an omen of success. Jack states that the Boy gave him express orders to make a match for him to fight his old antagonist, Morrissey, for £100 a side, and concluded with, 'Be sure and not miss the opportunity of getting the match on before he (Morrissey) leaves the country.' MacDonald's reception at Epsom on Thursday must have warmed his heart, and showed at once in what high estimation every true-hearted and upright member of the P. R. is held, as Jack was greeted and congratulated by a numerous body of the aristocracy as well as by the chief patrons of the Turf. Jack says that Heenan is one of the most light-hearted, well-behaved, gentlemanly men that he ever met with. Heenan expresses his intention to fight for the Champion's belt, and that alone. He entirely repudiates the idea of carrying the belt away from England, should he win it, but will leave it here to be challenged for, and then meet all comers."

We are glad to perceive that some of those who were loudest in their opposition to Heenan, have "turned from the error of their ways" at the last hour, and sought friendship with the man they had so stoutly villified when they thought his chances of winning were slim. Well, it may be sincere, but we trust that Heenan will confide in his little army only, MacDonald, Cusick, and Falkland. "Eleventh hour men" *may* be all right, but those who have proved true in adversity are the ones to rely upon.

The double-dealing referee, Dowling, is still shifting and shirking the responsibility of the office he undertook to fill. Every day convinces us more and more that this man had such a moneyed interest in the success of Sayers, that it was his full determination to decide against Heenan, whenever a favorable opportunity offered; but the superiority of Heenan becoming more clearly manifest with each succeeding round, he saw that Sayers was a defeated man, and to save his own money, and that of his friends, he ignominiously and cowardly deserted his post, that he might not be forced to give a decision in favor of the rightful victor, John C. Heenan. It was never intended that Sayers should lose, and no one knows the truth of this better than Dowling. He knew it when, at the last deposit, *he advised the backing of Sayers!* Falkland attempted to object to the referee giving such advice, but *he was not permitted to speak*—the thing had been fixed, and it was a settled fixture that the American should be robbed. Shame on the dirty craven that would lend himself and paper to such a foul and cowardly scheme. Shame on the filthy crew that broke in the ring, and robbed the almost friendless Heenan of his rights. Dowling attempts to fortify the position he has taken by asserting that the police interfered, and stopped the fight, and not the friends of Sayers. What a barefaced subterfuge. Why did the police not put an end to the battle before Heenan had Sayers at his mercy? They were present—why not interfere earlier? Because there was a chance of Sayers winning. When his chances were gone, *then* did they assist the mob to rob Heenan of the belt, and battle money. Dowling knows it. He is not ignorant of the arrangement made beforehand. Let no American rely upon the word of such a man again. Heretofore, wagers have been submitted to him to decide, by parties in this country. Nevermore will they trust him. The more honest portion of the English press concede that Heenan did not have fair play. The *London Field*, a journal of high repute, thus speaks on this point:—

"The international fight" is over, but a victor has not been proclaimed. The prowess and skill displayed by the combatants were great; their resignation and power of endurance were equally remarkable. Thus much we gather on a careful perusal of the broad-sheets which have lent their columns to the detail of a battle—from the *Times* downwards. To the most indifferent reader it will be evident that while the American was superior in size and strength, the English champion was equal in pluck, and superior in science and experience. *But it will also be clear (we are pained to print the admission) that the American did not get fair play.* This is established by the narratives of those who have reported this "battle" from a point of view most favorable to the English champion.

We have no harsh word to utter respecting the late fight beyond re-asserting our belief *that there has not been fair play.* The claim which "the Ring" has hitherto advanced of being the embodiment of English chivalry *was completely broken down on Tuesday;* and stronger arguments against the practice of prize fighting were established than any which have been urged by its opponents.

The Londoners are just beginning to discover that getting a man's head in chancery, (or "hugging," as they call it,) is not fighting. Communications on the subject are printed, deprecating the "hugging system," etc. It's all very well to talk about such things now, when the supposed invincibility of the English champion is shown to be fallacious; but it would have looked better had our friends given a little attention to these matters beforehand—when they had a sure thing of it—when Sayers might win, but "could not lose." Be this as it may, however, there is nothing in the rules against getting a man's nob in chancery, and punishing him when in such unfavorable predicament. *There is no law against it.* Why then should the supporters of the "great London Prize Ring" cry out against it now? They made the rules governing the ring—why did they overlook this? It is useless to discuss the question. The shifts to which the "fair field" adherents have been put by the prowess of Heenan are sadly humiliating. Hear what the "impartial referee," through his paper, says:—

The accusation of improper conduct on the part of the referee in leaving the ring is so unjust, and the direct imputation that he did so of his own free will, and not, as was actually the case, in the face of a force against which he and those around him were helpless, is so unjust, and calculated to do such injury to his character in America, that we, on his part, and at his request, at once and distinctly deny the truth of the whole charge. That the ring was broken in by the friends of Sayers alone we also deny. We are satisfied the police, who had been gradually increasing in number, commenced a pressure from without, and being aided by certain gentry, who

were present for other purposes than sport, and whose object was to stock their jewellers' shops from the pockets of the spectators, the pressure gradually reached its culminating point at or about the time named, when the ring was broken in, spectators and all being gradually forced either into the ring itself or else altogether away from its precincts. As to who cut the ropes—if they were cut—we cannot say; but this we do say, if it be true that the life of Sayers was in danger, and if he actually had touched the ground with his knees, it was a perfectly justifiable act. Hugging is not fighting, and though there is no written rule on the subject, a man should be released when it comes to such a near thing as it is stated to have done on Tuesday. For ourselves, we did not see the occurrence, from the causes above stated, and can therefore offer no further opinion on the subject. That the battle ended so unsatisfactory to all persons is deeply to be regretted, *but there was no help for it.* On all previous occasions the presence of one policeman has been sufficient to suppress a mill, and it was only the great crowd, and the closeness with which it was packed, that prevented the Blues' from earlier manifesting their presence. On the subject of the ring keepers we have to state that Hicks and Madden have been suspended for a twelvemonth from the office of ring constables, and have been mulcted of their pay for neglecting their duty and interfering with the battle, and Grant and Adams have received no pay for being guilty of similar offences in a minor degree. Those who distinguished themselves right well in the cause of order, were Inspector Duncan, Bendoff, Dan Collins, Jerry Noon, Young Sullivan, Young Tyler, and last, but not least, Clarke of Liverpool, and Bob Brettle. All the others were either indifferent or too much interested in the fight. *A worse ring for a Championship fight we never saw.*

How scurvily he endeavors to worm himself out of the difficulty his dishonesty has placed him in. First he blames the riot upon pickpockets, then upon the police, and finally upon the spectators. When Heenan had Sayers at the ropes, and fears were entertained of the latter being strangled, there was no one that had the power to interfere but the referee, but as he had run away at the time, Heenan could punish his adversary as he pleased, so long as he violated no rule. Here is the rule upon this point:

"23. That where a man shall have his antagonist across the ropes in such a position as to be helpless, and to endanger his life by strangulation or apoplexy, it shall be in the power of the referee to direct the seconds to take their man away, and thus conclude the round, and that the man or his seconds refusing to obey the directions of the referee, shall be deemed the loser."

As the referee was not present to order the seconds to take their man away, there was no authority for any other one to act in the matter except the mob, and they finished what the man Dowling had so disgracefully commenced. This man says, Heenan violated the rules by hitting Sayers while he was upon his second's knee, yet says not a word about Sayers refusing to obey the call of time, by which he most certainly lost the battle, as the rules specify that "either man failing to be at the scratch within eight seconds of the cry of 'time,' shall be deemed to have lost the battle." He is very ready to point out what he pretends to consider violations of the law on the part of Heenan but says nothing against his "own countryman" for *his* shortcomings. "As follow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

On account of Sayers' right arm being so sadly injured, the referee had not yet fixed a day for a renewal of the fight, although some of the London papers state that Sayers was ready to fight at any moment. Heenan is ready, but Sayers is not, and it is questionable whether his arm will be in condition to enable him to pass through another ordeal with the Boy for some time to come. The truth of it is, the backers of Sayers are sick of the match, and are anxious to get out of it with as little loss as possible.

RETURN HOME OF JOHN MORRISSEY.

The London *Sporting Life*, in its issue of the 21st ult., announces that Morrissey and his friends "leave town to-day (Saturday) to pay a visit to Mr. George Rowley's, Wednesbury, Staffordshire. Rowley has been one of the principal backers of young Shaw, in his late engagement with Lynch. Young Shaw leaves town on Monday to join them at Rowley's, where Morrissey and his American friends will be found during the ensuing week." It appears, however, that on the very day this notice appeared, Morrissey, Paddy Hughes, and Dad Cunningham were on board the steamer Canada, at Liverpool, *en route* for America. They arrived at Boston on the morning of Friday, May 4, and reached New York the same evening. It was stated in some of the papers that the police had to be in readiness on the arrival of Morrissey in Boston, as it had been rumored that he would meet with rough treatment. What truth there was in this report we do not know, but his arrival in New York, while it excited surprise, did not produce any unusual commotion, although he called in at several of the sporting houses the same evening. Surprise at his arrival was manifested, because it was the general opinion that he and Heenan would make a match before they came home. We dare say his departure from England created as much surprise as his arrival in New York.

We were among the first to express our sentiments upon the course pursued by Morrissey towards Heenan when he arrived in London, and we believe we have been sustained by public opinion; but we are not of those who resort to falsehood to maintain a position once taken, or to injure those whom we have reason to believe oppose us. A report has found its way into some of the papers that Morrissey was the man that cut the ropes at the Heenan and Sayers' fight. The charge is a most serious one, and we would not bring ourselves to believe that Morrissey could be guilty of such conduct, much as he is opposed to Heenan. We therefore consulted with our London reporter, Mr. Bryant, upon the subject, and he assured us that he was in close proximity to Morrissey at the fight, that he observed him closely, and that he did not cut the ropes, or assist in breaking up the ring. This much in justice to Morrissey, unsolicited on his part, or through any of his friends. We are only surprised that those papers which Mr. M. has assisted by his influence and money, have not had the honesty to defend him against such false accusations. Why Mr. M. so suddenly left London, we are not at present informed, but presume a statement will shortly be given to the public, until which time we will dismiss the subject.

MEETING IN BEHALF OF HEENAN.

A NATIONAL TROPHY TO BE PRESENTED TO THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

As we intimated in our last, a meeting of the friends of Heenan was called, to take place at the Malta Saloon, corner of 13th street and Broadway, on Monday evening, May 7th. As we are compelled to go press on the same evening, we are unable to give the proceedings in this issue. It was determined, however, to appoint a finance committee, to receive funds towards procuring a grand testimonial to be presented to John C. Heenan, the Champion of the World, on his return to America.

We sincerely hope that every State in the Union will contribute toward this fund for a National trophy for the brave Heenan, who, in the face of a national British prejudice, has nobly proved himself worthy of the soil which gave him birth.

As one of the committee to receive contributions, we hereby give notice that we are now ready to hear from our friends upon the subject. Let us have your donations, large or small, as circumstances permit, and in each issue of the CLIPPER names of contributors, with sums donated, will be published. The British public are contributing towards a fund for Sayers—let not the American people be behind them in generosity, especially when we have right upon our side. So send your mite to the office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, that the same may be properly recorded.

LETTER FROM HEENAN.

Bell's Life Refuses to Publish the Boy's Letter.

The man Dowling, the editor of *Bell's Life*, and referee in the recent fight, has given another evidence of his partiality by refusing to publish a letter from the Benicia Boy touching his right to the belt, and making suggestions concerning another meeting. What the scurvy Dowling refused to publish, the *London Times* makes public. This letter is in response to some remarks concerning the meeting held at *Bell's Life* office on the 21st ult., and is published in the *Times* of the 23d. Here is

HEENAN'S LETTER.

I see by your article of Saturday that you misunderstand my wishes, and do me great injustice. I have no difference to settle with Sayers except such as I tried to settle with him on the 17th; and instead of being called a "Boy" I ought to be termed a "Baby," if, after having come so far and not having got a settlement, I should be willing to relinquish my purpose for a few good natured pats on the back and being told I am a fine fellow. I have received a great many anonymous letters, asking me if I am not ashamed of myself, a great fellow like me, to come over to whip a little man like Sayers. Under ordinary circumstances I should not think of sending a challenge to a man of Sayers' size, but England thinks him big enough to defend the belt. I want it, and cannot get it, except through him. The enclosed letter, which I sent to *Bell's Life*, when I heard that they intended to call in the surgeon, to name the day before which Sayers could not finish the pending affair, will show my position; and as *Bell's Life* has not published it, you will do me a great kindness in letting the English people hear what I have to say. If the late meeting is not to be resumed, and the belt is not to come to me after what has already taken place, I claim to be first on the list to meet Sayers again for the next chance to conquer it.

The following is the letter to *Bell's Life*, which they did not publish:

Not having been able to obtain from you, as a referee, the final decision upon the fight of Tuesday last, I desire to demand through you a new meeting within the present week. I make this demand from having been informed that it has been suggested on your part that I should give Sayers sufficient time to recover from certain injuries received by him. Now, sir, while I am willing to accommodate him in any proper way, I must not be unmindful of my own right. I also received injuries, but I bargained for them; and I put it to you as a man of honor, whether if I had been deprived through the effects of the said battle of my eye sight or the use of my arm, as in the case of Brettle, when disabled by Sayers, you would have made Sayers wait for me for any length of time that might be dictated by my private doctor. When this match was made, the date for the battle was the 16th, or as soon as we could get to fight; and, according to the rules, if the battle should be interrupted, it was my understanding, and I believe it is the law, that we should fight within a week. We did meet according to contract. The battle was said to be unfinished, and I am prepared to renew it at any moment within lawful limits. *If Sayers is not ready, on account of injuries received from me, and cannot meet me according to the rules of manly opposition, I demand and claim that he resign to me the belt, which he is not, according to the rules of the prize ring, entitled to retain.* Hoping to receive an answer from you before this week expires, stating your views in full, I am, &c., &c.

P. S.—You will please understand I don't wish to compel Sayers to fight because he is represented to be in a disabled state but I wish to obtain what I think I have already won, *and which I will cheerfully hand back whenever he or any other person thinks he can take it from me.*

PROFITS OF THE EXCURSION.

The President of the railway gave in his return, and the total amount of tickets sold proved to be seven hundred and sixty, at $15 each. There were seventy free tickets, which were given to the press and the ring keepers; not a single American correspondent received a ticket, but each had to pay his $15. The President showed several forged tickets, and said there had been probably over one hundred used. This will account for the presence of the pickpockets. The total amount of money to be divided was $10 263—the railway keeping one half, the other being divided between Sayers and Heenan. McDonald received $2,500 in gold for Heenan.

As to future arrangements the referee has not had nerve sufficient to make a decision. In *Bell's Life* for April 22d, we find the following:

What is likely to be the upshot of the match we are at a loss to conceive. Sayers called on us on Wednesday morning, and beyond the injury to his arm and a few trifling abrasions of the skin, and a slight swelling of the mouth, appeared quite fresh, and certainly no one would have credited that he had gone through such an ordeal the previous day. Heenan did not show but Mr. Falkland, his friend, offered to fetch him. This, however, was deemed unnecessary, and some discussion took place as to what should be done. Macdonald, who was also present, declared that Heenan meant fighting again, unless Sayers would give him the belt, and receive a new belt instead to be held by him as a testimonial, he (Heenan) promising to uphold the honor of the old belt, and, moreover, not to claim any superiority over Tom. The Champion said this would be tantamount to an acknowledgment of defeat, and he could not accede to it; any other arrangement he would agree to, but give up the belt to Heenan he would not without a fight for it. The meeting was perfectly amicable, but after considerable discussion, ended without any arrangement beyond an understanding that the men should meet at our office on Friday. The crowd in the Strand while Sayers was with us was extraordinary, and more than equalled what is witnessed on Lord Mayor's day. On the Champion making his appearance in the street, the cheering was vociferous, hats were thrown up, handkerchiefs waved, and in fact it was more like an ovation to a sovereign, than to the Champion of the P. R. On Friday Tom and his backers appeared at the stipulated time, and were met by Mr. Falkland and Macdonald, but Heenan was still absent. There was less discussion than on Wednesday. Macdonald said Heenan wanted to fight as soon as possible, and Tom said he was willing to accommodate him as soon as his arm was well. It was then arranged that Tom should obtain a medical certificate as to the probable time he would require to recover, and that by that certificate the matter should be arranged, and so at present the matter stands. That it will, however, yet be arranged in a more peaceable manner we are disposed to believe and hope. We are satisfied that, beyond the mere question of the belt, it will be far more to the interests of the men to draw their money and give joint sparring exhibitions throughout the country, by which they will reap hats full of gold, and will also gain the good opinions of many who have expressed strong opinions on the subject, and who only tolerated the match because it got too far ahead of them to be stopped. Under any circumstances we are satisfied the public, whether the men fight again or draw, will at once follow an example already set by some of their friends, and pay them for their colors as if they had both won the battle, and in addition to this we hope such subscriptions will be raised for both as will evince the high esteem in which their gallantry, their endurance, and their other high qualities on the day of battle are universally held. We may here state that we fully acquit Heenan himself of any share in the accusations against Sayers and his party, and against the referee. So brave a man and so fair a fighter we do not believe would harbor such unworthy suspicions. We make this announcement for fear that any remarks we have made as to others should in any way militate against him.

The London *Times* having stated on the authorship of Mr. Dowling, the interested referee, that he stopped the fight at the instigation of Heenan's American friends, a letter was addressed to the *Times* in answer, in which the writer states that "neither John C. Heenan, nor any person authorised to act for him requested the referee at the late encounter between Sayers and himself to stop the fight when the ring was broken into. On the contrary, he and his friends, nearly all of whom were grouped in a little handful at his corner, repeatedly protested against the invasion of the ropes, and demanded that the fight should not be interrupted. In proof of this Heenan breasted his way three times through the crowd of persons who poured into the arena from the side of Sayers to renew the combat after the outrage had taken place, and he refused to leave the ring, and did not do so until Sayers had been withdrawn. He says, moreover, that Heenan feels sure that, had not that occurrence taken place, he would soon have made his victory manifest to the most prejudiced person on the ground. As to the suggestion which has been kindly made by the editor of *Bell's Life*, that Sayers and he should have a belt apiece, he begs to say that, while he will cheerfully subscribe to a new testimonial for his brave and honorable adversary, he will have none other than the one he came 3000 miles to get, and which he honestly feels he has already won. He believes, however, he can win it again if required to do so, and, if it be really amenable to conquest by a stranger, he will not leave your shores until he brings his late contest to a new and due conclusion. On the part of many Americans in London who have called upon me, we repudiate entirely the idea expressed at the conclusion of your article—namely, that Heenan's American supporters 'consent to the contest being considered a drawn battle.' They, on the contrary, insist that if the fight, if not decided to be already won by Heenan, shall be considered as still pending, and subject to a renewal at the earliest possible day. Through a note from the referee, which now lies before me, I learn he has refused a new arbitrament this week (according to the usual custom), "on the ground of humanity;" but, while the friends of Mr. Heenan cannot object to such a highly creditable motive, they disclaim for him the requirement of any such consideration, he being quite capable of responding to the orders of the referee, and will so respond at an hour's notice. The friends of Heenan, while they acquit the upright and gallant Sayers and his immediate backers from any participation in the violent interruption of the contest, wish to declare the clearness of Heenan's supporters from any complicity with that outrage; and in this connection desire to say that when a man in our country who has engaged to subdue another requires outside aid to help him, as was given to Sayers in the 39th round, he is considered to be beaten. In short, whenever "humanity" justifies such interference, the verdict is given against the man whose conquered and hopeless condition requires the practical interposition of such a sentiment.

Here was the referee again caught in his falsehoods, and he endeavors to sneak out of his dirty position by publishing the following remarks in reply to Heenan's statement:

"Several points in this article require a few words from us. In the first place, we state emphatically that the person who called for the referee, and assisted in taking him to the ring side, is a well-known East End boniface, a close friend of Jack Macdonald, and he was an active partisan of Heenan in his corner during the mill. The handful of friends was quite as strong in force as was necessary to obtain Heenan fair play, for not only had he his own party of Americans, but certainly the majority of English pugilists on the ground, including several of the ring keepers, viz., Langham, Hicks, Madden, Bob Travers, &c., were on his side, and 'jollying' for him throughout. Secondly, we deny strenuously that he, in any way, gained a right to the belt. Thirdly, the determination on the part of the referee not to allow a second meeting during the week is strictly in accordance with the general custom in this country, where men are so injured as were both these gallant fellows on Tuesday. The last instance on record of a postponement was the match between Aaron Jones and Sayers, in which the former was allowed a month, on producing a medical certificate that he would require that time to get over an injury to his hand somewhat similar to that incurred by Heenan. The imputation is made that the referee has departed from the usual practice on this occasion, and says that Heenan does not require any consideration on the ground of humanity. In reply, all we have to say is, the referee is the proper person to judge in this matter, and has had perhaps considerably more experience in such matters than the writer himself. Had he ordered a second meeting this week, he would have ordered it the same day, supposing a fitting ground could have been got, and as, by that time, Heenan would have been quite blind, we leave the public to decide who would have had the advantage. Had he postponed it till the following or any succeeding day in the week, his conduct would have received universal execration in all countries where "humanity" at all enters into public consideration."

Allow us to say that his conduct has already merited and received universal execration, for a more barefaced imposition, and glaringly partial conduct on the part of a referee, has seldom, if ever, been witnessed. He first boldly asserts that Heenan's American friends insisted on his stopping the fight, but when contradicted, and defied to make good his words, he shabbily falls back upon "a well-known East End boniface." Heenan's American friends who wished the battle stopped, dwindled down to a single individual, and he an Englishman. Dowling only gets deeper into the mire by every step which he takes to extricate himself. Heenan's handful of friends were quite as strong in force as was necessary to obtain the "Boy" fair play—so says the immaculate Dowling. Why did he leave his post then? If Sayers friends were strong enough to secure fair play for their man, and Heenan's equally strong to protect his interests, why did this scurvy referee desert his post? Why not remain, like a man, if he meant fair and honest dealing? He may prate of the rush of the mob, but it will not save him from the just indignation of public opinion.

MR. C. O'CONNER AND MR. BARRON.

In the *Troy Arena*, of the 5th, and copied into the *Herald*, of the 7th, it is stated on the authority of a Mr. Barron, of Troy, that "Mr. O'Conner, of New York, of the firm of O'Conner & Collender, billiard table manufacturers," started the cry of police, at the recent fight. As Mr. O'Conner, who is a staunch friend of Heenan, is still in London, we trust the public will know how to look upon this statement—as a one-sided story—until Mr. O'Conner can be heard from. If it is intended to bring a man's *legitimate* business affairs into this international match, as would seem evident from the above, we hope it may not be considered out of place should Mr. O'Conner, through himself or friends, advert to the *illegal* practices of the other side. We hold it to be in extremely bad taste for individuals to endeavor to mix a man's business affairs in the controversy.

TESTIMONIAL TO MCDONALD.—Two gentlemen of New York (backers of John C. Heenan) have just given an order to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., for a splendid Malacca cane, gold-headed, and appropriately inscribed, to be presented to Jack McDonald for his honest and manly conduct towards the Benicia Boy during the recent match. It will be gotten up in splendid style, and the inscriptions will be commemorative of the great "International Fight."

JEM WARD'S NOVICE.

We have received the following, which we print *verbatim*—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR: I am prepared to back my novice to fight any man for £50 a side; and as neither Hurst of Stalybridge nor any other man of the present day, in my opinion and the opinion of several of the most experienced men of the Ring, would stand any chance with Heenan, and as I fought for £1000 and afterwards for £50 a side, I consider it a very good stake for men who have never fought in the ring before. I am, &c., JAMES WARD.

King's Arms, Whitechapel-road, April 20, 1860.

THE PRIZE RING IN AMERICA.—The "big fight" has had the effect to set our pugs in a fever of excitement, and on the spur of the moment several of them have issued challenges, which, we presume, will end in—the challenges only. Among these newspaper bulletins is one from Jonas Fox, who was recently matched with John Tracy, of St. Clare, Pa., but upon seeing that Tracy was on hand with his money, Fox paid forfeit. What Fox is after this time, we do not understand. Tracy had better attend to his business, and not mind this man's challenges. Crow, or Norton, is also out with a challenge to Aaron Jones, but considering the present state of public feeling in regard to Englishmen in this country, we think the offer very ill-timed. Aaron Jones will consult his own interests, and those of his friends, by entering into no match whatever in this country. We give him this advice, in all sincerity, and hope he will have sense enough to heed it. It is for his own good. Australian Kelly also comes in for a challenge, Dan Kerrigan offering to fight him at 140 lbs. weight, for $1000 a side. We have also received a challenge from California, in which an offer is made to fight, but as we long since understood that Kelly had given up prize-fighting, it would only be a waste of space to give the challenge publicity.

GRIBBIN AND WILSON.—These men met on the 2d inst., and came to the wise conclusion to make a draw of it, and each man had his stake returned to him. They both called upon us on the 4th, and desired us to say that they are in no wise to blame for the disappointment experienced by ticket holders; that they had chartered a commodious steamer, but at the last moment were put off with an old tug; that they were down in the hold of the vessel asleep, and had no idea at the time that the ticket holders on shore had not been taken on board; they left the arrangements in the hands of some friends, and knew not of the disappointment until it was too late to remedy it. Wilson says he is ready to refund the money paid to him for tickets by parties who could not get on board the steamer.

HAIL! HEENAN! HAIL!—St. Louis, Mo., May 2, 1860.—EDITOR CLIPPER—I have taken the unsolicited privilege of thus addressing you, and trust the circumstances which prompt such a course are a fitting apology for my presumption.

JOHN C. HEENAN, the *American, born and bred*, has most nobly and heroically established the fact that our "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave" can give to the "human form divine" both strength and beauty, together with the mental qualities of honor and *true* courage, which equal (if not excel) those much vaunted attributes of other nations; and thereby, undoubtedly, forever silenced the old worn out criticisms on our institutions, customs, and "enervating seasons;" that they are at variance with a "perfect state of manhood;" or in other words, that the Americans are comparatively a weak and degenerate race, and become so through their false state of education and unhealthy climate.

Heenan, the "American Novice," has met "England's glory," and vanquished him. All honor then to our brave Heenan. Let the American people show a fitting appreciation of his acts, such as will accord with their value.

I am no fighter; I rather deprecate the "Prize Ring," and have no desire to hear of another match between two of Nature's noblemen; but nevertheless I cannot but admire in a high degree the prowess of our worthy champion, and as he has added another wreath (of no small value) to our national brow, I for one, and I dare say thousands with me, think he deserves well from the hands of his countrymen; not that he is a successful "fighting bully," but that he is an *American specimen* of a perfect physical man, and has the courage, honor, and pride, to proclaim it abroad, and back *our* choice of perfection even with his life, if necessary, and thereby raised the American standard of "strength and power of endurance" a little above that which was considered the acme by other nations; he has also shown to the world that while we have produced a Morphy to bewilder their minds, we have raised a Heenan to degrade their bodies. Let Heenan come in for his share of "America against the World." His contest with Sayers was no common fight, and should not be classed with such, and in after years when comparisons may be drawn between our own and other lands, the name of Heenan will be pronounced with just pride by the Historian, Lawyer, and also the Divine.

I now respectfully suggest that there be something done to commemorate the "Great Contest"—something alike pleasing to Heenan and lasting to his countrymen. Let him be properly received on his return *Home*, and let us have Bronze *fac similies* of the appropriate "Gold Medal" which he shall receive, that all who wish to (and they are numbered by thousands) may possess a lasting memento of our pre-eminence. "EXCELSIOR."

HEENAN TESTIMONIAL.—New York, May 3, 1860.—FRANK QUEEN:—I would propose through the CLIPPER that each and every American should add a mite towards a subscription for a Champion's belt for our renowned American hero, John C. Heenan, as a trophy of his gallant and brave conduct while combating against the English Champion, and the English mob. I would also propose that the belt be given to our American Champion, to be retained by him as a memento of the event which has transpired on British soil.

FRANK BURNS, Metropolitan Billiard Saloon, 626 Broadway.

A VOICE FROM MILFORD.—Milford, Del., May 3, 1860.—FRANK QUEEN:—After the unparalleled outrage purpetrated by the uncivilized, unjust, unrighteous British upon the gallant Heenan, would it not be right and proper in the American people to contribute towards a Champion Belt of the World, to be presented to the Boy? Let the contribution be $1 each, and I am satisfied $5000 or $10,000 could be raised. Milford is ready with $25 to $30 of the sum. Yours, "HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

BILLY DONNELLY AND MCCARTHY.—It having been reported to McCarthy that Donnelly had challenged to fight him, at an exhibition recently given here, McCarthy called upon us to state that he would accommodate Donnelly at catch weight. The latter afterwards conferred with us, and desired us to state that he, McCarthy, knows that catch weight would not suit him, but will fight him, or any other party at the weight named.

A "GO" IN VIRGINIA.—A mill is reported to have taken place in Wheeling, Va., on the 28th ult., between the St. Louis Pet and another named Fowler, for $75 a side. Seventeen rounds were fought in 50 minutes, the Pet having the best of it in the last seven rounds; but on the last round the Pet had two of his fingers bitten by his antagonist, and therefore the Pet was declared the winner.

SQUAN VILLAGE ON THE MUSCLE.—The big match has brought out the fighting proclivities of even the "boys" of New Jersey. On the 28th ult., a mill was contested in Squan Village, N. J., between honest Hugby and Billy Trip; but owing to outside interference the event remains undecided.

FIRING A SALUTE.—The news of the fight between Heenan and Sayers created much interest in Virginia, and in Norfolk, on the 1st inst., a salute of 100 guns was fired in honor of the virtual triumph of the "Boy." A certain party who has taken a decided stand against the Boy, was hung in effigy at the same time.

JACK BATH is up for a benefit, to take place at 22 White street, on Monday evening next, 14th inst. Con Foley will appear on the occasion in a set-to with Bath. Jack has been promised the assistance of a number of the best boxers of the day, and we trust they may all be present.

SPARRING IN CINCINNATI.—An exhibition for the benefit of George Kelly and the Unknown (principals in a recent prize fight in the same neighborhood) took place in Spring Hall, Cincinnati, on the 28th ult. After several bouts the wind-up came, not in the usual way, however, but in the abrupt entrance of the police, who made one or two arrests.

A GOOD MOVE.—We learn that the members of the J. B. Scott Dramatic Club have in contemplation, with the assistance of their brother associations, the erection of a new hall. It is suggested that several clubs will convene immediately and adopt measures to secure the desired object. Never, to our recollection, have the amateurs of this city stood so much in need of a hall as they do at present, and we sincerely hope that a "grand union" of amateurs will shortly effected for this object.—A NEW HALL.

A VOICE FROM BOSTON ABOUT THE FIGHT.

BOSTON, April 30, 1860.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:*—This quiet Puritan village is in a state of the wildest excitement. Everybody, who doesn't talk "fight," talks "battle," and those who do neither talk about "milling." So you see the conversation is only saved by its interest from being tediously monotonous. And no wonder, for the news by the Vanderbilt is of a character to

"——stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinews strong as steel."

One veteran stock-broker wanders up and down State street, disconsolately endeavoring to cheat some of his dear friends, who are absorbed, one and all, in THE FIGHT. Two keen politicians maintain an unheeded argument upon the chances of Stephen A. Douglas at Charleston, while the great sea of human life rushes tumultuously by them, with its every wave babbling of THE FIGHT. All the Americans are exultant and indignant, all the Englishmen are crest-fallen and ashamed; and the cause of all is THE FIGHT.

What conclusions are we to draw from the match between the rival Champions of England and America? Many are surprised at the foul play shown to the Benicia Boy. Is this the boasted English fairness? this the spirit developed by the prize ring in the "merrie England" where it flourishes, as we are told, in a perfection elsewhere unattainable? I reply yes: why not? Shall I seem, my dear sir, too much of "a prophet after the fact," if I say now, that my remarks will not call down an indignant denunciation of "a cowardly slander on the character of a true Briton," that I am not a sharer in the general amazement? Why not? I repeat. "Good old English fair play!" Bah! There is no such thing in existence. There is no fair play in America, in England, or anywhere else. The "instinct of fair play in every man's bosom" is no match for the equally ubiquitous instincts of covetousness and ruffianism. If Tom Sayers had danced gayly round the Benicia Boy, and parried his blows, planted his own, and got away from Heenan's fierce rushes with the utmost ease, treating him like a huge overgrown baby, until the American sank exhausted, mangled and helpless, under the visitations of the invincible English champion, undoubtedly there would not have been a hand raised to hinder the fair progress of the fight, and both countries would have rung again with applauses of the generous and honorable treatment afforded to the gallant stranger. But when the knowing English sportsmen found their favorite opposed to a live Yankee, a gigantic boxer, overflowing with strength and activity, steady and fearless, with fair science, and laughing at the bare idea of defeat, and saw the formidable American hit like a cannon-ball through the artistic defences of the champion—saw, in a word, that a fighter had entered their ring, whose like had not been seen there since Ward and Crawley stood face to face in the magic circle, and that Sayers' elaborate science was completely spoiled by the irresistible blows of the tremendous Yankee—then commenced the dastardly work, and the outsiders—English sportsmen—showered their kicks and blows upon the bold stranger, who, mangled and bruised as he was under the strokes of his skilful antagonist, not one there would have dared to face singly for twenty minutes. *As soon as it was needed*, the ruffians' unfairness showed itself. And is it a new story? When Molineaux, the Baltimore black, fought Tom Cribb, the absurdly overrated champion of England, for the first time, the foreign boxer would inevitably have beaten the champion, but for interference of "English sportsmen;" in the palmy days of the ring, too! Of course, it is impossible to beat the champion of England. If Heenan's first blow had dashed the champion senseless, the Benicia Boy would not have won the belt! The ring would have been broken in, and time given to Sayers' seconds to bring him to, even if they needed an hour to do it. They don't show fair play even among themselves. Let any one who wishes a counterpart to the Heenan-Sayers fight presented to him, read the final encounter between Caunt and Bendigo. Be it, however, understood,

First: That I don't claim that things are any better in America. I know they are not. I know the Benicia Boy would never have been suffered to beat Morrissey, even if he had been well and able to do it. But my objection to the "English sportsmen" is that they *claim* to be better. It is a dastardly business from first to last, and much as I like John C. Heenan's courage and good humor, I wish he would come home.

Second: That I find no fault with Tom Sayers. He fought gallantly, and met the Benicia Boy as no living boxer in England could have done. That he was slow towards the last, and availed himself of the delay interposed, can hardly be brought up against him; for he was hardly in a state to know, see or understand anything. And overmatched as he was in this fight, I believe him the best man of his weight now on the list.

Third: Mr. Dowling, the referee, was certainly frightened by the roughs; but I don't think (with all deference to your strictures) he meant anything unfair. He was clearly prejudiced and deficient in nerve—but I believe he would have done nothing unfair, and would have seen fair play if he had dared.

Tom Sayers' science has been overrated. One would think, to hear the talk of his admirers, that somehow or other he had three hands! One was to stop Heenan's awful left, and one his long right, and from some mysterious quarter was to appear a third hand which was to play vigorously meanwhile on the American's nob. That their confidence was not unfounded is now apparent—*the third hand was there!* and the fourth! and the fifth! and the twentieth! But from no mysterious quarter—simply from the "English sportsmen." If they assert that there is no man in Yankee-land who can fight singly the champion of England and a score of his friends and backers—very good; we admit it. But perhaps our gallant representative would not have crossed the ocean, if he had understood the terms of the match. In short, Heenan could not win the fight, *because* "the odds were ten to one on the Benicia Boy." If you read that sentence carefully, Mr. Editor, you will see its double meaning. But seriously, no pugilist is skilful enough to beat a man like Heenan, six inches taller, much longer, much heavier, much stronger, and a fair second-rate boxer, besides being quick as a cat. Science can do much; but if a middle-sized man, like Sayers, defeats a man who balances thirteen stone, depend upon it, the big one is a clumsy lubber, not a Yankee Champion. There has been such a cry of "science! science!" that we were frightened into grossly exaggerating its value. I made the same mistake; I thought Sayers had the Yankee a sure bargain; and I was far from anticipating that the Benicia Boy would turn out such an awful fighter. If they agree to fight again the betting will rule at 6 to 4 on the American, unless it is understood that the little arrangements are to be repeated.

By the way, Mr. Dowling unconsciously admits that Heenan was wronged by his proposing to give him a supplementary belt. Why? Because he is a game man! How long has it been held that a man who is unsuccessful should receive a belt for his courage? A belt is not a reward of merit, but a trophy of victory, and the consciousness that *as such* it was due to the American dictated Mr. Dowling's singular proposal, whether he admits it or not, whether he knows it or not.

I have written already more than I meant to, and shall stop here, lest I never stop at all. Yours truly, C. C.

BILLIARDS IN KENTUCKY.—A match game of Billiards was played in Columbus, Ky., on the 27th ult., between Mr. Francisco of that city, and H. Wade, of St. Louis, for $100, Wade beating his competitor 80 points in 500. Another match was to have taken place on the 5th inst., 1000 points up, for $500 a side.

THE PUTNAM CRICKET CLUB, of Philadelphia, elected officers on the 24th ult., to serve for the ensuing term as follows: President, E. Stewart; Treasurer, H. Levee; Field Captain, D. Maguire; Committee, Messrs. Long, Boyd, Allman, and Moneypenny.

THE MECHANICS CLUBS, of Chester, Penn., and Wilmington, Del., set the ball in motion, in a match played on the 21st ult., at Chester. The Delawareans won by six wickets, scoring 63 and 16 against 27 and 50.

THE GREAT STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD
ARE COMING AGAIN, WITH NEW, BRILLIANT
AND UNSURPASSABLE ATTRACTIONS.
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ONLY ORIGINAL
NEW ORLEANS METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE
AND BRASS BAND,

Will visit the following cities on their return from their Western and Southern Tour—Opening at Baltimore on Monday, May 7th; at Wilmington, Del., May 14th; at Philadelphia, May 17th; at Trenton, May 21st; New Brunswick, May 23d; Newark, May 25th; Brooklyn, May 28th; Williamsburgh, June 1st; Norwalk, June 4th; New Haven, June 6th; New London, June 8th; Norwich, June 11th; Springfield, June 13th; Worcester, June 15; Milford, June 18th; Woonsocket, June 20th; Pawtucket, June 22d; Providence, June 25th; Attleboro, June 27th; Taunton, June 29th; Boston, Mass., Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, July 2d, 3d, and 4th.

Please observe the array of Talent:—

J. G. H. SHOREY,	J. H. CARLE,
E. GREENE,	C. BOYER,
MONS. LAVALLEE,	M. T. SHIFF,
E. N. SLOCUM,	MASTER HOPE,
G. W. BAILEY,	E. HARRISON,
T. P. GRIFFIN,	MASTER JOMMY,
L. R. CRANDALL,	F. BOWLES,
C. H. DUPREZ,	C. LATHORNE.

And the two Star Sisters, CELESTINE and ESTELLA.

This Band of Minstrels has met with better success on their Western and Southern Tour than any other Band of Minstrels in the world.
4 Proprietors, SHOREY, CARLE, DUPREZ & GREEN.

GETTING WARMER.—"Old Sol" is gradually making himself felt in these latitudes, and sun burnt faces will soon attest his presence. An excellent remedy for this, as well as for pimples, freckles, blotches and other eruptions of the skin, may, however, be found at Dr. Gouraud's, whose Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap is without equal in this respect. His Poudres Subtiles, Perfumes, and Cosmetics are among the best in the market. Ladies and others will therefore do well to give the Doctor a call at his laboratory, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; at Callendar & Co.'s, Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; or at J. B. Pate, 129 Washington street, Boston.

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Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

OUT OF DOOR EXERCISE FOR FEMALES.—Among the many advocates of this who are now starting up in different parts of the world, we are glad to recognize Miss Harriet Martineau. That celebrated lady, past the allotted "three score and ten" of human life, and after her immortal contributions to the statistics of political life, has something to say regarding the physical condition of her sex; and while on that subject is quite as comprehensive and as graphically eloquent as she was, years ago, while treating familiarly matters on which even statesmen had shown themselves poorly informed. Miss Martineau seems to be all heart for the out-door exercise of females—whether they inhabit the city or the country. Fresh air and uncrowded thoroughfares are attainable by the former, if they will only take the trouble to seek them, just as the advantages of town life are within the reach of the latter, with a little exertion. Like a good philosopher, Miss Martineau recommends an alternation of the two:—exercise in the day, reading and amusement in the evening; and concludes by foretelling for those who follow her advice, health, cheerfulness, and many days. No doubt, she is perfectly right.

AQUATICS IN 1860.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CLUBS AND ROWERS

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Continued From Last Week.

BOATS AND BOAT RACING.

TIME.

We will now proceed to give a table of the time made by some of the successful boats in regattas and match races during the year 1859:—

Name.	*Place.*	*Date.*	*Oars.*	*Miles.*	*Time.*
Varuna	Yale Navy	June 29	6	3	22 06
Wah-ta-Wah	Hartford	June 22	6	3	24 40
Harvard	Boston	June 22	6	3	19 11
Leader	Boston	June 22	4	3	20 34
Atalanta	Philadelphia	June 25	6	3	19 30
Iris	Philadelphia	June 25	6	3	22 02
Ben Ridley	Rochester	June 29	4	2	17 42
Post Boy	Rochester	June 29	6	2	15 45
Pequot	New London	July 4	6	3	22 28
Nangang	New London	July 4	8	3	23 31
Peconic	New London	July 4	4	3	25 11
Fort Hill Boy	Boston	July 4	6	3	20 56
Tiger	Boston	July 4	4	3	20 53
Atalanta	Middletown	July 4	8	3	23 10
Olympia	Middletown	July 4	6	3	23 30
Anawanda	Middletown	July 4	4	3	25 24
Thetis	New Haven	July 4	6	2½	23 00
Eolus	New Haven	July 4	4	2½	28 37
Ben Ridley	Rochester	July 4	4	2	15 42
Varuna	New Haven	July 5	6	2½	22 26
Wenona	New Haven	July 5	6	2½	25 30
Naiad	New Haven	July 5	4	2½	26 50
Pequot, Eaglet (match)	New London	July 15	4	3	21 58
	New London	July 15	4	3	21 59
Harvard	Worcester	July 26	6	3	19 18
Yale	Worcester	July 27	6	3	19 14
Leader	Worcester	July 27	4	3	21 01
Geo J Brown	New York	Aug 27	4	5	35 15
D Bryant, G Brown (match)	do	Sept 12	4	5	34 40
	do	Sept 12	4	5	34 46
Stranger	Albany	Sept 29	4	3	20 11
Atalanta	New Haven	Oct 19	6	3	21 45
Irving	Albany	Oct 26	6	3	24 55
St'ph'n Roberts	Pittsburgh	Nov 8	4	3	20 30

DOUBLE SCULLS.

There are but very few matches with boats rowing each two pairs of sculls. Three or four took place last year, and the following time was made:—

	Miles.	*Time.*
Novice, Boston, June 22	2	14 31
E K G, Boston, July 4	2	14 49
Eudora, Albany, Sept 28	3	23 20

CHAMPIONSHIP—SCULLERS' TIME.

Any oarsman may proclaim himself the champion; he has an undoubted right to do so under the natural privilege granted by the liberty of speech; but the mere declaration does not make him such, for it is a mark of honor which, to be worn, must unquestionably be won. If a man declares himself the champion, he must accept any reasonable challenge that may be offered him, and proceed to make good his claim. If he does not, then he is no more a champion than any man with the least possible pretensions who may assume the honor.

SCULLERS' TIME IN 1859.

	Miles.	*Time.*
Capitola, Seneca Lake, N Y, June 16	2¼	21 37
R F Clark, Boston, June 22	2	13 52
H G Ottignon, Chicago, July 4	2½	18 06
Capitola, Geneva, July 4	2½	20 28
John Hancon, Worcester, July 27	2	21 01
R F Clark, Nahant, Sept 16	2	14 02
Andy Fay, New York, Aug 27	5	42 34
*Joshua Ward, Staten Island, Oct 11	5	35 10
Joshua Ward, Boston, Oct 25	3	23 16

*This was the race for the champion belt.

There is evidently a mistake in the time reported to have been made by Ward at Staten Island, or there is certainly a mistake in the distance. It will be seen that in his three mile race at Boston his average time per mile was seven minutes and forty-five seconds, while in the five mile race at Staten Island his time per mile averaged only seven minutes and two seconds. In the Boston race, if he had rowed five miles at the same rate of speed that he rowed three, it would have taken him thirty-eight minutes and forty five seconds to have performed the distance; but, according to the time and distance given at Staten Island, he performed the feat in thirty five minutes and ten seconds, or in three and a half minutes less time.

SCULLERS' TIME IN ENGLAND.

The quickest scullers' time of which we can find any record, was made by Robert Chambers, the man who has consented to come to this country to row the champion of America for five hundred pounds sterling. The match was with Thomas White, and took place on the river Tyne, on the 19th of April, 1859. The distance is given by the English sporting journals as being about three and a half miles, which was accomplished by the winning boat in twenty-one and a half minutes—average time per mile six minutes and nine seconds. The time is minutely given, but the distance is left considerably in doubt, so that taking the two together we are still unable to decide on the relative speed which has been attained by English and American rowers. If the length of the course herein noticed was really three and a half miles, then we are forced to admit that most extraordinary rowing was accomplished, and a rate of speed acquired that we have not yet even approximated to in this country. No row boat on this side of the Atlantic, whether propelled by sculls or oars even to the number of twelve, has ever yet made a mile as quick as Robert Chambers, the champion oarsman of England, is represented to have pulled his boat with a single pair of sculls; and more, we do not believe it ever will be done in America. Our English neighbors, we fear, are a little given to bragging.

BOAT CLUBS.

In forming boat clubs some essential knowledge is requisite on the part of the members before they can go into successful operation. The by-laws and rules of ordinary societies or associations, with very few alterations, will serve at the formation; but there are some things to be learned in regard to the management of a boat, which will require a little study. In the first place it is necessary to know

WHO COMMANDS.

The commodore, commander, captain, or by whatever title the presiding officer of a boat club may be styled, should have no command of the crew while in the boat. The coxswain's prerogative should always rule the crew, for he is the only one in the boat who can note its progress, see how she heads, determine whether the pull is even or not, direct which side requires the greater or less power, and detect the faults of the rowers; and it is an admitted fact that no boat's crew can be properly trained except the coxswain has full power while in the boat. A coxswain may be appointed to serve a week or a month.

COXSWAIN'S ORDERS AND WORDS OF COMMAND.

The orders on going out, or after the crew have taken their places in the boat, in some clubs are as follows:—First, "oars;" second, "across;" third, "out;" fourth, "give way." While in others they are—First, "ready men," second, "toss;" third, "let fall;" fourth, "give way." On coming home we have also seen two sets of orders. The first one:—First, "weigh;" second, "across," third, "ship," and another set is, first, "weigh enough;" second, "board," third, "toss;" fourth, "stow." To salute, first, "way;" second, "board;" third, "toss," or "oars apeak;" fourth, "let fall." To partially stop the boat the order is to "ease all;" to back water, "stern all;" when the coxswain discovers that there is more strength put out on one side than on the other, his orders are, "pull bow side," or "pull stroke side." When the order is to be directed to any one oar, it is "pull bow," or number two, or three, or stroke, as the case may be; "ship oars," or oar, is directed to any one of the crew.

HINTS ON CRICKET.

DUTIES OF UMPIRES IN CRICKET MATCHES.

Umpires in cricket matches hold a responsible position, for on the judgment and impartiality they display in the discharge of their duties, mainly depends the pleasure of a contest. In choosing an Umpire then, it would be advisable to select one who makes it his business to act in that position, and whose interest it is, as a professional, to discharge his duties as Umpire with the utmost impartiality. If, however, an amateur be selected, let him be one unconnected with either of the contesting parties; or otherwise, no matter how impartial a man may be in other respects, in a case where a question is to be decided between his own club and their opponents, he will either be guided by the bias he naturally feels towards his friends, or, in order to avoid any show of such partiality, will run to the other extreme and decide unjustly against them. This will be found to be the case generally; there are exceptions, of course, but they are few and far between. The duties of an Umpire require practice; many a cricketer who is familiar with every point of the game, is entirely incompetent to act as Umpire, therefore either employ experienced men or be prepared for blunders, for, to say nothing of occasional inattention, and being undecided as to what point to pay particular attention, many a man among good players lacks the requisite qualities of coolness, and quickness of eye, too much, to give correct decisions on nice points of the game. As we are writing for amateurs only, we will allude to the most important part of the duties of an Umpire first, and then give some hints which will be found useful to those who act in that capacity. When the Umpire assumes his position, his first act will be to consult with his *confrere* in regard to pitching the wickets. These should be pitched on the most level part of the ground, the stumps to be placed upright, and fairly, 27 *inches out of the ground*, the wicket to be *eight inches in width*. The "bowling crease" must be on a line with the stumps, and extending three feet on each side of them, with a return crease, or line, at right angles to it, beyond which point the bowler is not allowed to step, in delivering the ball. The popping crease must be four feet from, and in front of, the wicket, being parallel to it, and unlimited in length; the wickets to be twenty two yards apart, and exactly opposite to each other. After the wickets have been pitched, confer at once with the other Umpire and the Captains of the two elevens, on the arrangements that have been agreed upon in reference to the time for drawing the stumps, and the resumption of the game; and let it be clearly understood by both parties whether the game is to be decided by the result of the first innings or be played out. It should be remembered that the duties of the Umpire are confined to the settlement of disputes that occur during the game, *and on points connected with the rules of play only*, and that they have nothing to do with fixing the time for commencing or closing the game, that being the duty, solely, of the Captains of the respective elevens. After the time for the pitching of wickets and withdrawal of stumps has been appointed by the Captains, it then becomes the duty of the Umpires to see that the agreement is strictly carried out.

When the batsmen are at the wickets and their opponents at their several stations on the field, and all is in readiness for the commencement of the game, the Umpires will take their respective positions, one at the bowler's wicket, and the other at the batsman's, the former standing about six feet behind the wicket, and so as not to interfere with the movements of the bowler in delivering the ball, and the latter to the left of the batsman—to the right of him, however, if he is a left-handed player—and about twelve yards distant from him, and on a line at right angles with that between one wicket and the other. The Umpire at the bowler's end will have to observe carefully the following rules:

When, after he has given the batsman his guard, which he should do from the point the bowler delivers from, and all is in readiness, he will call "play," and from that time until the over is called, the ball is to be considered in play—exceptas in the instance named in rule 29 of the laws. This Umpire will, after play has been called, direct his immediate attention to the movements of the bowler in the following order—first, to the position of his arm and hand in delivering the ball, in order to prevent its being thrown or delivered above the shoulder; and secondly, and almost at the same time, watch his right foot, and see that it is *behind* the line of the crease, for if his toe be *over* or even *on* the line, the Umpire must immediately call "no ball." If the toe be neither over nor on the line, it does not matter about its *apparance to be so when lifted*, as it is impossible for a bowler to deliver the ball with any accuracy while his right foot is off the ground, as on that he rests when he imparts the requisite impetus.

The next point to be attended to is to watch the direction of the ball on its progress to the wicket, in order to be prepared to give a decision in regard to "leg before wicket," and as this is an important point we will briefly dwell upon its leading features. The object of the rule in relation to "leg before wicket," is simply to prevent the batsman from defending his wicket with his person instead of his bat; and therefore whenever the Umpire perceives that the ball, in its progress to the wicket, would unquestionably have taken it but for the interposition of some portion of the batsman's person, and not his bat—provided, at the same time, the ball touches the ground or goes through the air, between the lines that run from the outer stumps of each wicket one to the other, or, as the words of the rule, the ball "shall have been pitched in a straight line from it—the bowler's wicket—to the striker's wicket, and would have hit it,"—the batsman must be declared out—that is, if judgment is asked, *not otherwise*. It must be remembered that the ball must have been pitched as above, or the batsman cannot be put out "leg before wicket." It should also be borne in mind that the batsman can be out body and even arm before wicket, for if either be opposed to a straight ball, as is likely to occur in the case of a high full-pitched ball, the batsman will be as fairly out as if he had stopped the ball with his legs only. In keeping sight of the ball from the bowler's hand, watch it closely when it rises to the wicket, in order to ascertain whether it touches any part of the bat or the batsman's hands or gloves before being caught by the wicket-keepers. Should it be caught by the latter either off the bat or hands, or gloves of the batsman, he must be declared out; but if from his wrists or arms, or any other part of his person he is not out. Judgment on this point also must be asked before he can be declared out. When the last ball of the over—which can consist of either four or six balls—has been delivered, call "over," but not until the ball has been settled in the hands of the wicket-keeper or bowler. The Umpire at the bowler's end will call all "byes," "leg byes" and "wide balls," immediately after their occurrence, and all runs obtained therefrom must be scored respectively as such. In judging of wide balls, the Umpire should be guided entirely by the legitimate reach of the batsman; should the latter step out of his ground to strike at a ball wide of the wicket, and misses hitting it, *but covers the line of the ball*, such ball is not to be considered as being wide; but if he stands in his position at the wicket, and by fairly reaching out to hit the ball, fails in covering the line of it, such ball must then be declared a wide. The Umpire must use his discretionary power when the batsman does not strike at a ball apparently wide. The law expressly states that a ball pitched over the striker's head is a wide ball. Whenever the ball glances from any part of the person of the batsman, except his hands, in which case it is a bit, and a run is thereby obtained, the Umpire—at the bowler's end—must, unasked, call a "leg bye," and when a run is obtained in any other way than from the ball being struck by the bat, or, as in the case of a "leg bye" or "wide ball," such run shall be considered a bye. When, however, the ball has been hit by the bat, and a run or runs obtained thereby, and through careless fielding in returning the ball it be overthrown, or when returned be badly fielded, so as to admit of additional runs being made before the ball is settled in the hands of the wicket-keeper or bowler, such run or runs are to be credited to the last hit made. In giving notice of byes and leg byes to the scorers, for the former hold up your hand, and for the latter, touch your leg with your hand. The duty of the Umpire at the wicket-keeper's end is simply to decide on the question of running out, and to watch that the wicket-keeper has neither foot in advance of the wicket, and see that he does not take the ball—from the bowler only—*in front of the wicket*, in which case, should he catch the ball from the bat, the striker cannot be put out. This Umpire should also narrowly watch the foot of the batsman, and see that it is *behind* the line of his crease, for should his toe be *on the line*, when the wicket is put down, he is out. This Umpire is also to decide on the question of a catch, but only when referred to by the Umpire at the bowler's wicket. He should also look well to the ball being in the hand of the wicket keeper when he knocks down the wicket with his hand or arm. In closing our remarks on the duties of Umpires, we do so with the following general hints which will be found useful to all:—

The striker cannot put his partner out by hitting the ball through his wicket, unless the ball be touched by a fielder before hitting the wicket, the batsman being out of his ground at the time the wicket is so knocked down.

Where a substitute in running is allowed, if the batsman hits the ball and runs himself, leaving his substitute behind, the former can be put out unless both are on the ground at the same time. The striker in such case must keep in his ground after hitting the ball.

If the batsman is put out in any way, the Umpire should keep silent until appealed to. When uncertain as to the batsman being out, decide in his favor—that is the rule.

When your decision has been given, abide by it right or wrong unless the mistake is in reference to a wrong interpretation of the rules, in which case consult the other Umpire, and abide by his decision.

Remove the bails, and retain the ball at the close of each innings.

Do not converse with the players during the overs, and leave the ground if your decisions are loudly disputed, as no *gentleman* will be guilty of such gross rudeness.

TOURNAMENT OF ARMS, &c.—Capt. Hammersley gave a second exhibition of this kind, on the 21st ult., in the lower hall of the Mercantile Library, St. Louis. The attendance was very full—several ladies being present, and the Zouaves in their full costume; beside the German Turnverein, and several of the Captain's pupils. These performed some astounding feats on the rings and trapeze; followed by the Saladin and Richard Cœur de Lion feats. At the request of the ladies, a display of manual defence or glove exercise was given by Captain Hammersley and his son, and afterwards by Messrs Medart and Newton. At the conclusion of these the Captain made some seasonable remarks on the advantages of physical education, particularly to the young, and introduced his portable gymnasium apparatus for family use. The attack and defence with bayonet against sabre, by Mons. Hypolite Gravier (Zouave) and Herr Blondowski, which succeeded, was very exciting. Then came the wielding of the great Hindoo club by Mr. George Hammersley, an extraordinary exhibition of strength and agility; the wind up being between Herr Blondowski and the Captain in an assault with the foil. The exhibition was over in good time, and evidently gratified all persons present. From the indications afforded, we may expect similar displays will follow in St. Louis, the inhabitants of which seem to realise the immense advantages accruing from physical education.

WELCOME HOME TO HEENAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. G. L.

RIGHT welcome—Heenan—home again!
And here, brave Heenan, here remain,
And never cross the ocean main
To fight for BELT and glory.
O never leave thy "native land"—
O never raise thy good left hand,
O never more as champion stand,
Where "Foul Play" is the story!

For "May the best man win," no more
Can now be sung on Britain's shore;
False to thee, when thou cross'd o'er
To fight for BELT and glory!
Who dash'd their champion to the ground?
Who knock'd him down in ev'ry round?
Who floored his seconds with a bound?
The world can tell the story!

Who bearded the Lion in his den,
'Till he came forth with bristling mane,
But never will he come again—
To fight for BELT or glory!
Who won the BELT? 'Twas thou—'twas thou!
Who tore the chaplet from thy brow?
Base, ruffian mob! where are ye now?
The world can tell the story!

Who rais'd the "stars and stripes" to fight
On foreign soil, with proud delight?
And claim'd it as a champion's right
To fight for BELT and glory?
HEENAN, THE BRAVE! Thou art the one—
And *Yankeedom* receives her son
As her champion bold, who vict'ry won,
And the world now tells the story!

Then welcome, Heenan, home again:
And here, brave Heenan, here remain—
And never cross the ocean main
To fight for BELT and glory:
O! never leave thy "native land,"
O! never raise thy good left hand,
O! never more as champion stand
Where *foul play* is the story!

NEW YORK, May 3, 1860.

THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE, WHERE, AND WHEN.

JOHN C. HEENAN, was born in West Troy, New York, May 1, 1834, of Irish parents. In height, he is 6 feet 1½ inches, and his weight is about 180 lbs. He never appeared in the Prize Ring until his fight with Morrissey, at Long Point, Canada, on the 14th of October, 1858, when owing to the bad condition in which the Boy was in, he was obliged to acknowledge defeat, after a fight of eleven rounds, occupying twenty minutes. He had been sick for days previous to the event, and had nearly won the fight in three rounds, notwithstanding the superior condition of his opponent. As so much has been penned and printed in reference to JOHN C. HEENAN'S abilities and disabilities as a scientific pugilist, we may be excused if we offer a few remarks on that head. Until the Boy of Benicia challenged John Morrissey, he was comparatively unknown in these parts; and though said to be possessed of considerable natural skill, backed up with a herculean frame, he had never even seen a ring fight. His performances were confined almost exclusively to the Golden country, and those were turn ups on the spur of the moment, without any ceremony or set rule, and which were generally ended by less than half-a-dozen of his powerful left-handers coming in contact with some body's headpiece. In California he had so signal y distinguished himself in all his chance encounters, and proved he possessed the pure metal, that his friends determined to match him against a foeman worthy of his steel, believing he had the right stuff in him to fight any man living. As pugilistic matters had been *in statu quo* for three or four years, a trip was made to New York, as the only place likely to furnish a customer for him. John Morrissey was looked upon as the champion of the States by his party, while the opposing faction were anxious to see the proud title wrested from him, and in Heenan they saw the only person likely to secure their object. Overtures were made towards bringing the two athletes together, at first with indifferent success, but eventually in their agreeing to go a short distance in the country and settle the mooted point there and then, (which, however, was unceremoniously nipped ere it bloomed,) and finally in a match being arranged for $2,500 a side and the championship. From the slanderous and unmanly rumors of what one and the other had said reaching the principals ears, and the sarcastic and cutting cards which passed from Morrissey to the Boy, a feeling of rivalry and hatred was the natural consequence, and instead of the honor and emoluments to be derived, it assumed the form of a grudge from the day the match was made until the day of battle. Morrissey at once secured from England, Jack Hamilton, together with two well tried and trusty friends, Burns and Lawrence; cut himself away from the temptations and charms incident to a large city, by removing far from it, and went to work heart and soul towards perfecting his muscular system. Heenan's friends secured Aaron Jones to superintend the Boy's preparatory exercises, though quite late in the day, and after one or two others had been experimenting. In fact, his whole course of training appeared nothing but an experiment, and it being Jones's first attempt at the business here, though he had gone through the mill half a dozen times himself. As the old saying goes, "What cures one may kill another," it is possible the course pursued by Jones was not at all adapted to Heenan. From the close vicinity to a city like this, and his trainer being a stranger, matters didn't exactly work right, and many things were done "which ought not to have been done." The influx of visitors (the Boy's quarters being situated a half hour's drive from the city) to see him, and the frequent invitations for the trainer to smile together with the scores of new acquaintances made every day, must have diverted his thoughts and attention a great deal from his pupil, and it was the most difficult matter to get the least information concerning him. On the day of battle Morrissey was as fine as a star, a perfect beauty, the embodiment of health, strength and endurance, and probably the best trained man that ever entered the American P. R. For hours previous to the encounter he was walking up and down the beach and conversing with his friends, (who were so numerous that there were not over fifty present who showed a bold front for his antagonist,) and to all questions he told the same story, that he felt like a race horse. For a week previous Heenan had been confined in doors by the breaking out of an old wound on his ancle, which caused much superfluous fat to incumber his frame, and he was twenty pounds heavier than his best fighting weight in consequence. Being most of that time bed-ridden, his skin had become yellow, his flesh flabby, and a heavy dumbness about the eyes, betokened that he was in no condition to last long. To his intimate friends all this was known, and hence the difficulty in getting on bets, except first blood, first knock down, and first fall, on which events considerable speculation had been going on. On coming from the propeller to the lighthouse, nearly half a mile through pliable sand, he had to be supported by his backer and umpire, and it was really pitiful to see the gallant fellow almost a cripple, for the shoe rubbing against the sore made it extremely painful to walk: when he got up to the memorable spot, it was found that no accommodations were to be had, the only house on the bleak point having been secured by his opponent, and a kind of seat was pitched on the sand for him to rest on, with the wind howling around him, and hardly any one to offer him words of comfort, the majority looking at him from mere curiosity. In the ring, after experiencing near two hours delay in choosing a referee, another damper was put upon him by Morrissey stating that he didn't believe his party wanted to fight at all, which meekly brought an answer to the effect that he was just as anxious as Morrissey, and only wanted a square thing and no favors. The desperate stand he made so long as nature lasted, standing toe to toe, and not only giving, but taking the fearful lunges and body blows with the same gluttony that Morrissey did, the unfortunate accident to his left hand in the first round, which made it as painful for him to use it as it was to his adversary; his splendid countering and straight delivery; his getting first blood, (and, in fact, drawing blood at most every hit in the first three rounds) the first throw, and first knock down—these, with the novelty of a first appearance, the taunting and jeers from the seconds, scarcity of friends on the spot, the sinking condition of the sand, giving him no opportunity whatever to exercise his agility, (and on the boards he is one of the quickest big men on his legs and the hardest counter hitter we ever saw), and the poor manner in which he was seconded (one being scared and the other not half big enough to handle him) will give some idea of the disadvantage he was laboring under, as also the unflinching and staunch bottom he displayed throughout, whoever originated the foul slander concerning his gameness, knew nothing of the man, as, without a single exception, all that we conversed with, emphatically stated their belief that there was not a man in the world who would have stood up for twenty minutes in the condition he was in and take take hit for hit, from such a stoical and stubborn dead game man as John Morrissey. Heenan's performances in the ring with Sayers, has stamped him as one of the gamest men that ever entered the ring.

TOM SAYERS was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, England, on the 17th of May, 1826. In personal appearance, he stands but little over 5 feet 8in., and is about 152 pounds weight. His countenance is clear, open, and expressive of firmness and decision. There is none of that bull-dog determination of aspect in him, which is so generally thought characteristic of pugilists. In company and conversation, he is remarkably quiet and unassuming. For several years he carried on the trade of bricklayer, and it was not till March 19, 1849, that he first took to milling as a profession. On that day he defeated one Couch for £5 a side at Greenhithe, and displayed such talent that he was not long after matched against Dan Collins, then considered to be a rising star among the middle weights. These men met October 22d, 1850, at Edenbridge, for £25 a side, and after fighting nine rounds in 27 minutes, with pretty equal advantage, the beaks interfered, and they had to move to Red Hill, where 39 more rounds were got through in one hour and fifty-two minutes, when darkness put an end to hostilities. There was little to choose between the men at the finish, but if anything, Collins appeared the more scientific boxer. Another appointment was made for April 29th, 1851, on which day the lads met at Long Reach, and Tom gained the victory in 44 rounds and 84 minutes. He had evidently improved in both strength and science, and his friends forthwith looked out for another customer for him. At first there was some difficulty in this, but early in 1852 Jack Grant, then in his zenith, consented to honor our hero with a conference for £100 a side, and on the 29th of June in that year the men met at Mildenhall, Grant being the favorite at 5 and 6 to 4. It was not a good fight. Sayers knowing the dangerous nature of his antagonist, fought accordingly in a cautious manner, and there was more pulling and hauling than we have since seen in all the fights put together. The battle lasted two hours and fifty minutes, during which sixty-four rounds were fought; and finally Jack Grant, who was severely punished about the body, had to give in. On January 26, in the following year, Jack Martin had the temerity to enter the roped arena with Sayers, and suffered a most egregious defeat in 23 rounds and 55 minutes. Sayers retired with scarcely a scratch, while his adversary, who took his gruel most gamely, was severely punished. In Tom's next encounter he was doomed, for the first and only time during his career, to suffer defeat; this being, as is well known, at the hands of the accomplished Nat Langham, then the acknowledged champion of the middle weights. The fight was for £50 a side, and took place at Laken heath, October 18, 1853. Tom struggled bravely, but ineffectually, against Fate. He went in, round after round, in the most determined way, and left not a dodge untried to get to windward of Nat. The latter, however, was too quick and too clever for Tom. He timed him in the most scientific way in every round got home continually very straight on Tom's proboscis and peepers, and finally reduced him to complete darkness of both eyes, and Tom was forced to capitulate, after fighting 61 rounds in two hours and two minutes. On February 28, 1854, Tom entered George Sims, and staked £50 to £25. This was a most ridiculous match on the part of Sims, who had not the ghost of a chance, and was hit out of time in four rounds and five minutes, without having touched his opponent. Sayers made several efforts about this time to get on a fresh match with Nat Langham, feeling extremely jealous of Nat's lamps, which bore the title, Champion of the Middle Weights. Nat's health, however, became very indifferent, and he declined to make another engagement. He shortly retired from the Ring, and Tom then assumed the title he had long coveted of Champion of the Middle Weights, but, alas! he had now no public box whereunto he might affix the much-coveted lamps. He then challenged the world at 11st. in weight, but for nearly two years was without a customer. Towards the close of 1855 he took a fancy to try conclusions with Harry Poulson, of Nottingham, a powerful boxer of 12st. weight, who had won three tremendous battles with Paddock, losing two and winning one. Poulson was nothing loth, and a match was made for him by Jem Burn. They met on the 29th of January, 1856, at Appledore, and great was the surprise expressed at the temerity of Sayers in meeting such a strong, determined adversary. Sayers was anything but fit on this occasion, and, although at the commencement he led off and gained first blood and first knock down, his stamina quickly failed him, and he had for some time to resort to the dropping system, to avoid the desperate onslaughts of Poulson. Slowly, however, but surely, he kept on dropping in sledge smacks on the nose and peepers of the gallant Harry, whose optics gradually closed, and finally in the 109th round, at the end of three hours and eight minutes, Tom managed to administer the coup de grace. Some time after this, Tom was matched with Paddock, and agreed to stake £200 to £100, but the affair ended in smoke, as subsequently threw down the gauntlet to Aaron Jones, who, jumping upon the offer as too good to be lost, at once picked up the gage of battle, and articles were drawn to fight for £100 a side. The meeting took place down the river on the 6th of January 1857, and after fighting 62 rounds, in three hours, darkness came on just the time when Tom seemed to have victory within his grasp. A second meeting was appointed for February 10th, 1857, when they fought for £100 a side and a bet of £100 a side, near the same spot where the first meeting took place. On this occasion Sayers appeared in finer condition than at the former encounter, and at once took the lead, which he never lost. Jones took a very good licking, and was finally compelled to knock under in 85 rounds, lasting two hours. The finishing blow was a terrific right-hander on the gob, the mark of which still remains to disfigure Aaron's mug. For his success in this fight, Sayers received a handsome silver cup. On June 19, 1857. It was at a dinner given at Nat Langham's to celebrate this victory that the match with the Tipton Slasher was made. Some chaff arose between Jemmy Massey and one of Tom's backers, and ultimately Jemmy offered to back the Slasher against Sayers for £200 a side. Sayers seemed delighted at the chance, and generalized his friend to stake a fiver to bind the bargain. The result of this match, as we have stated in our History of the Champion elsewhere, was in Sayers being proclaimed the winner and Champion of England in one hour 42 minutes, and 10 seconds. This was the first instance, in the annals of the ring, of a middle weight man aspiring to, and succeeding in attaining the lofty position of Champion of England. He has ever since retained this proud title, having on the two occasions when his claim was disputed, victorious both. The first was in his fight with Bill Benjamin, Jan. 5th, 1858, for £200 a side, Sayers winning in three rounds, in six and a half minutes. The second was in his tourney with the game and gritty Paddock on the 15th of June, 1858, for £150 a side—Sayers again proving the victor in 21 rounds, occupying one hour and nine minutes. His generous conduct in this last fight, in forbearing to administer heavy punishment to Paddock when it was in his power to do so, cannot but excite feelings of unbounded admiration for the noble Sayers.

It was now that Benjamin, under improved tuition, sought to fight for the championship, and a match was at once made for £200 a side, and the belt. The battle took place on the 5th of April, and though Benjamin made a better display than in his first encounter, yet he was once more doomed to defeat, Sayers winning in 6 rounds, lasting 22 minutes. Sayers was not permitted to remain idle, but was placed on the record to fight Bob Brettle and the Unknown." In the match with Brettle, Sayers staked £400 to Brettle's £200, the latter, in consequence of the odds thus given, waiving claim to the belt should he win. They met on the 20th of March, 1859, and fought seven rounds in 15 minutes. In the last round heavy blow was delivered by Tom on Brettle's shoulder, and he soon found that the shoulder had been dislocated; the battle was therefore resigned in favor of Sayers, as it was useless for Brettle to attempt to prolong the contest in his then pitiable condition. The match with the Unknown, which was set down for November, was soon after declared off, it being the current opinion that the Unknown was a myth, a nobody; the supposed match being got up to save time, and give Tom a breathing spell. It had not the desired effect, however, for various candidates put in their claims for the belt, among these Aaron Jones and the Benicia Boy. This brings us up to the great match reported in our last.

THE "SPORTING LIFE" AND JOHN C. HEENAN.—We have had occasion more than once to call attention to the opposition manifested by the London "Sporting Life" to Heenan, and we have also given an inkling of the cause which led to this ill-feeling towards the American. Our censure of the journal in question has not been without effect, as a kinder tone now runs through the fighting articles of that paper, and the *amende* for past misrepresentation has been made. It gives us more pleasure to note this change of sentiment than we experienced in finding fault with the previous course of the paper in question, and we therefore give place to the following article from the "Sporting Life," of April 4, with the utmost feeling:—

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

TOM SAYERS AND THE BENICIA BOY.—The issue of warrants for apprehension of Heenan and Sayers in certain localities has caused a sensation in pugilistic circles, and necessitated even greater vigilance than hitherto displayed by the backers and agents of the match. It affords us pleasure to state that both are by this time beyond the reach of those ill devised and unpopular measures, so that any positive interference with the match need not be feared. It is perfectly outrageous that a few provincial Dogberries should be permitted to interfere with a contest of such international importance, and set themselves up as the arbiters of taste throughout an entire kingdom. We insist that there is not a man, woman, or child in England, at the present moment, that does not wish to see the encounter brought to an issue, and even those who affect to sneer at the principle of the P. R. secretly long to witness a mill, but for their pens and tongues play truant to their candor.

Tom Sayers has been far more fortunate in his training prior than the Benicia Boy; he has hitherto been uninterrupted both at Brighton and Newmarket, and been enabled to get gradually and surely into condition. It is only just to Heenan to state that in respect *Sayers has enjoyed every possible advantage over his rival. "the Boy" has been hunted over the country like a wild beast.* No sooner had he got well into work at Salisbury than he was ordered on, thence he proceeded to Box, near Bath, and then another local had to be selected; but before he had been a few hours in his quarters, he was once more compelled to fly. We sincerely regret this, as it is calculated to superinduce a belief in America that prejudice against Heenan incites the authorities to interrupt him especially as we have seen how the English Champion can train undisturbed, even when his abiding place is known to all the world. The American party, as might be anticipated, *have taken serious offence at the speech of Mr. Dowling on Friday night, on the occasion of staking the last deposit. The stakeholder made use of a remark open to grave misconstruction. His speech was glaringly partial to Sayers*, although it is natural that an Englishman's sympathies should be in favor of his countryman, yet there are times when discretion is preferable to candour, especially from one who is bound by his office as stakeholder and referee to enforce a "clear field and no favor."

The stakeholder said he for one should "back Sayers," of course meaning by his opinion and encouragement, and not in a pecuniary sense; but it would have been more prudent not to have discovered thus publicly the tendency of his private feelings in the matter. Had not Mr. Falkland been interrupted by the cry of "order," the gentleman would probably have entered into some questions bearing upon Heenan's side, but as it was, it was hardly consistent with the character of English sportsmen to find them jeering at the Benicia Boy, and laughing at the sarcasms of the referee. The *Sporting Life* has been accused by more than one of being wedded blindly to Sayers' cause, *and the* NEW YORK CLIPPER *accuses us of never having opportunity of having "a sly poke at Heenan."* This is most untrue. Since the arrival of gentlemen connected with the American P. R. in England, we have had occasion to form a very high opinion of true transatlantic sportsmen, and for the Benecia Boy we entertain a similar respect, on account of his undisputed pluck and amiable character. Mr. Fred Falkland, with whom it has been our pleasure to be in constant communication, is one of the most candid and genuine disposed men we have ever met, and if anything more than another could predispose us in favor of Heenan it would be the fact that we enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Mr. Falkland. For the Benicia Boy we entertain the highest opinion. Of his valor there can be not the slightest question. To fight such a man as Sayers, under any circumstances, must require uncommon pluck and determination, *but to have crossed the Atlantic for such a purpose speaks volumes for the bravery of "the Boy."* Still we did not hesitate to express candidly our belief that with Sayers Heenan would have no chance of success, which is no ill compliment to a novice like the renowned "B. B."

☞ PUTNAM'S "ROWERS MANUAL" will be sent by mail for one dollar. Address J. D. R. Putnam, office of the New York Herald, or the editor of the CLIPPER.

AMERICA'S CHAMPION.

Respectfully Dedicated to
JOHN C. HEENAN,
By his sincere friend,
FRED. SHAW,
American Comic Vocalist.

Farewell, we said, with sorrow'd heart,
As we shook that manly hand—
When from thy home we saw thee start,
For England's gardened land;
We knew thy errand there, brave man,
And our hearts all gladness felt—
We knew that strong, and honest hand,
Would "rob" England of her "Belt."

We heard with pain, but not alarm,
When Foes sought thee to beat—
We knew that strong and muscl'd Arm
Would ne'er allow defeat;
We heard those hearty cheers resound,
Saw thy foes of hope bereft,
When "England's Champion" bit the ground,
From thy terrific "Left."

Fought nobly, hast thou—bravely won—
Proved thyself game, and true;
Come home, brave Boy—thy task is done,—
And that Belt belongs to you.
We saw thy friends in gladness beam,
And heard thy foes low howl,
As our brave "Eagle" gave its scream
O'er the "British Lion's" cowl.

Come home, brave man, thy wish 's attain'd,
Return to thy native land;
By thee our Flag has been maintained,
And friends wait, to grasp thy hand.
Let welcome bid him home once more—
Let our free Flag be unfurled—
Receive him on Columbia's shore,
As "CHAMPION OF THE WORLD."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

SECOND FREE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

We are highly gratified with the opportunity of laying before our readers Messrs. Kappner and Klatzl's Prospectus for a second, and in some respects revised, edition of their late successful Free Tournament, at their elegant and popular place of resort, the "Morphy Chess Rooms," S. E. corner of Fourth street and Broadway. Free from all humbug and assumption, this is *the* place of all others in New York that keeps the flame bright upon Caissa's altar.

PROSPECTUS.

"The proprietors of the 'Morphy Chess Rooms' take pleasure in inviting their friends and patrons, and the Chess-players of the city at large, to their *'Second Free Chess Tournament.'* The lists will be opened on Saturday, 26th inst., and the playing be commenced after the drawing for antagonists in the first round, on June 2d *prox.*, at 8 o'clock P. M.

"A committee selected by the proprietors of the rooms will decide all disputes or differences that may arise.

"The players will be paired off by lot; the odds to be given (if any) to be mutually agreed upon before any match games are played.

"In case players cannot agree upon the amount of odds in any match, the committee (before named) will decide upon the matter.

"Should a player fail to meet his opponent, for two appointed sittings, he will forfeit one game for such neglect.

"The first winner of two games in each section, enters the next section, and so on to the final section; in which the first winner of three games shall receive as a prize a sett of Staunton chessmen, and his opponent, a copy of the 'Book of the American Chess Congress.'

"Each section is to be finished within one week of the time of its drawing.

"The proprietors request the players to have their match games recorded, so as to have a collection which will be kept for public use."

It will be remembered that the first Tournament at the above place commanded an enlistment of *thirty-two* knights, and we anticipate a no less chivalrous gathering on the present occasion.

THE WESTERN CHESS CONGRESS has, as we knew it must, proved a complete success, even though Paulsen was not present. It opened on the 11th ult., at 10 A. M., in a commodious hall in St. Louis, Mo. The Congress was called to order by J. W. Skinner, Esq., of St. Louis; and the permanent officers immediately elected. President, John Tillson, Esq., of Quincy, Ill.; Secretary, Theo. M. Brown, Esq., of St. Louis. In the Grand Tourney there were 16 entries the victors in the first round being Messrs. Skinner, Rowland, T. M. and J. S. Brown, Buckingham, Freleigh, Jenks, and Dænzer.

These, of course, formed the second section, Messrs. Dænzer, Rowland, T. M. and J. S. Brown coming off conquerors. For the third round they stood:—

1. Dænzer vs T. M. Brown. | 2. Rowland vs J. S. Brown.

At this point Mr. Rowland, of Quincy, was obliged to leave, thus taking the fourth prize; leaving his opponent to contest for first or second prize with the victor in the other match of the third section. At last advices that match stood, T. M. Brown, 2; Dænzer, 2; drawn 2—3 games to win.

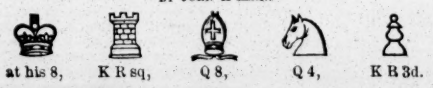
The Minor was a "Pool Tourney;" eight entered, each to play one game with every other, the one scoring most to take the prize.

Letters expressing interest in the "Congress," and congratulations upon its assured success, were received and read from Messrs. Chas. A. Maurian, Theo. French, Bland Ballard, J. N. Crawford, E. B. Cook, C. H. Waterbury, E. J. Gillett, S. Loyd, Wm. C. Miller, Miron J. Hazeltine, and others.

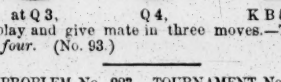
At a general meeting of the Congress, on the 14th (fourth day) a committee of two, Messrs. Tillson and T. M. Brown, was appointed to take proper steps to hold another chess gathering, at some central point, during the coming fall or winter—probably, during the holidays.

CORRECTION OF KLING No. 13.—ENIGMA No. 223.

BY JOHN M'LEAN.



at his 8, K R sq, Q 8, Q 4, K B 3d.



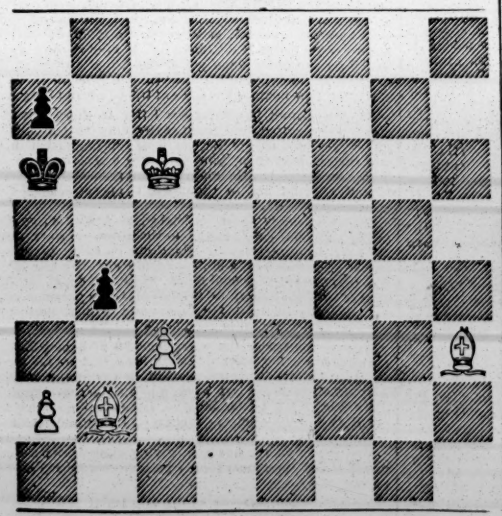
at Q 3, Q 4, K B 5th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.—The author propounds it in *four*. (No. 93.)

PROBLEM No. 223.—TOURNAMENT No. 38.

BY J. H. WESCOTT, M. D.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 223.

Recently contested in the Norfolk, Va., Chess Club, the Attack not seeing the board.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. J. R. S.	Defence, Muzio.	Attack, Mr. J. R. S.	Defence, Muzio.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..P to K R 3	Q to K B 3
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	15..K R–K sq	Q Kt–Q sq
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	16..Q Kt–K B 3	Q B–K 3
4..P–Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	17..K B–Q 3	Q–K Kt 3
5..P–Q B 3	B–Q B 4	18..Q–K R 4	P–K B 3
6..Castles	P–Q 3	19..K Kt × B	Q Kt × Kt
7..P–Q 4	K P × P	20..Q B–home	K Kt–B 2
8..B P × P	K B–Kt 3	21..K R–Q sq	K Kt–K 4
9..K Kt–his 5	K Kt–R 3	22..Kt × Kt	B P × Kt
10..Q–K R 5	Q–K 2	23..P–K B 4	Kt × B P
11..Q B–R 3	K B × Q P	24..Q B × Kt*	K R × B
12..Q Kt–Q 2	B × Q R	25..Q–K 7	Q R–K B sq,
18..K R × B	Castles	and the Attack resigns.	

THE PHILADELPHIA C. C'S TOURNAMENT.—The 3d section of this grand gathering of Caissa's votaries in our sister city, is now under way. The 2d round, 32 entries in the 1st, terminated by Montgomery, giving Kt, winning of Wilson; Walker, P & 2, do., of Walden; Lewis, P & 2, of Duffee; McAdam, receiving P & move, of Reichelm; Whiteman, even, of Patterson; Wells, even, of Marston; Overman and Stern being left winners, making the eight, by the resignation of Young and Dwight. The interest, great from the very first, spreads and deepens, as the circle of victorious contestants thus gradually narrows towards the last pair.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price $2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address Frank Queen, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

☞ Answers to Correspondents in our next.

"It's nather a boy nor a girl, but a nagur."—Please read *Black* to move and win in Position No. 2, Vol. VIII. It was taken from Game No. 48, Vol. VII.

A GLASGOW CHAPPY'S SOLUTION OF E. HULL'S "PRIZE SET."

FOURTH POSITION.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..	3 to 7	25 to 29		12..14 to 18		1 to 6	
2..	7 10	29 25		13..18	22	6	9
3..	15 19	23 16		14..30	26	9	14
4..	20 11	25 22(*a*)		15..26	23	14	9
5..	10 15	22 17		16..23	18	9	5
6..	15 19	17 14		17..18	14	5	1
7..	11 7	14 9		18..14	9	1	5
8..	7 2	9 5		19..22	17(*b*)	5	14
9..	2 6	5 1		20..17	10	21	25
10..	6 9	1 5		21..10	14	25	30
11..	9 14	5 1		22..14	18	30	25,

and will draw.

(*a*) This is a variation from the author's, viz:—12 16, which I regard as the losing move for Black.

(*b*) Just as good as anything White can do.

☞ Next week we will give a full solution of Position No. 75, Vol. VII.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 1.—VOL. VIII.

BY "A GLASGOW CHAPPY."

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..30	to 26	27 to 23(*a*)		3.. 5	to 9	13 to 6	
2.. 8	11	23 7		4..26		22, and wins.	

(*a*) Compulsory.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 2.—VOL. VIII.

BY "ON THE SQUARE."

[From Game No. 48, Vol. VII, commencing at the 15th move, and showing a different result from the one given by Rob Roy.]

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1.. 6	to 9	25 to 21		5.. 7	to 11	23 to 19	
2.. 7	10	15 6		6.. 9	14	18	9
3.. 1	10	32 27		7.. 5	14, and wins.		
4.. 3	7	27 23					

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 3.—VOL. VIII.

BY J. MC L.*

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..14	to 18	27 to 31		4..19	to 23	32 to 28	
2..18	15	31 27		5..22	18	13	17
3..15	19	27 32		6..30	26, and wins by crowning the man and playing him to 13. If Black moves his single man, he loses two for one.		

*A position somewhat similar to this occurs in one of Drummond's games, but no demonstration is given—most persons considering it drawn.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 4.—VOL. VIII.

BY E. HULL.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..22	to 26	27 to 31		4..20	to 24	32 to 27	
2..26	23	31 27		5..28	32	27	20
3..23	19*	27 31		6..19	24, and wins.		

*If Black takes two for one, White has the move.

GAME No. 3.—VOL. VIII.

DEFIANCE.

Black. Harry Leseure.		White. Mr. B.		Black. Harry Leseure.		White. Mr. B.	
1..11	to 15	23 to 19		11.. 2	to 6(*a*)	26 to 22	
2.. 9	14	27 23		12..10	15(*b*)	19 10	
3.. 8	11	22 18		13.. 6	15	27 24	
4..15	22	25 9		14.. 1	5	32 28	
5.. 5	14	29 25		15.. 9	13	18 19	
6..11	15	25 22		16.. 5	14	24 19	
7.. 6	9	24 20		17..15	24	28 19	
8..15	24	28 19		18..12	16	19 12	
9.. 4	8	31 27		19..11	15, and draws.		
10.. 8	11	22 18					

Notes.

(*a*) This move gives Black a hard game; 1 to 5 would be better.

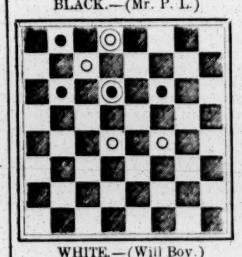
(*b*) All Blacks moves are now forced.

POSITION No. 5.—VOL. VIII.

BY "WILL BOY."

End-Game between W. B. and Mr. P. L., both of Oswego, N. Y.

BLACK.—(Mr. P. L.)



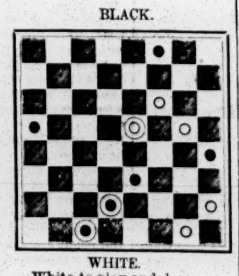
WHITE.—(Will Boy.)
White to move and win.

POSITION No. 6.—VOL. VIII.

BY "ROB ROY."

Dedicated to "Will Boy."

BLACK.

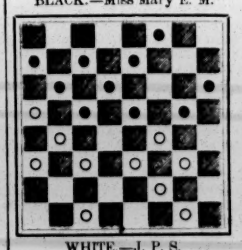


WHITE.
White to play and draw.

MATCH GAME.

Miss Mary E. M. and J. P. Sweet.

BLACK.—Miss Mary E. M.

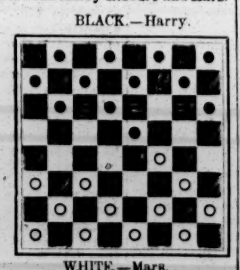


WHITE.—J. P. S.
White to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Harry Leseure and Mars.

BLACK.—Harry.



WHITE.—Mars.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ULIC AND PATRICIUS.

Black—Ulic.		White—Patricius.	
24..15	19	8	3
25..10	15		

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFIANCE.

6..11	16	17	13
7.. 4	8	22	18
8.. 9	14	18	9
9.. 5	14		

THE OLD ASSOCIATION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE BREED OF HORSES, in Detroit, has been revived upon a good foundation. They have a force of men rebuilding the Hamtramck Race Track, and overhauling the houses and stables connected with it. The members of the association are all men of means, and lovers of horse flesh, whose word is as good as gold. When all their arrangements are completed, inducements will be offered which cannot fail to bring the best stock in the country to their track.

TROTTING IN CONNECTICUT.—On the 25th ult., a pretty little affair came off at New Canaan, Conn., between Mr. William Goldsmith's bay mare Abbey Jane, and Mr. Nelson Finch's dark bay mare Rip Snorter, for $25 a side, mile heats, best 2 in 3. It was won by Abbey Jane in two straight heats. There was a fair attendance of "sports" on the occasion, notwithstanding the stormy appearance of the weather.

AQUATICS IN DETROIT.—Yacht clubs and other aquatic organizations are brushing up their keels and dusting their canvas, preparatory to a summer campaign, and with some recent additions to the fleets, lively times are anticipated. There is no prettier sheet of water in the world for such sports than the Detroit river and contiguous lakes; a fact which is fully appreciated by the "saileur boys."

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF BOXING.

BY JOHNNY WALKER.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

ATTIDUDE.

The "poetry of motion" has formed an exhaustless theme for inspired genius, and if my humble endeavor should only suffice to show its practical utility I shall be satisfied to refer my readers to more ethical works than mine for its poetical treatment. All preceding writers on pugilism have singularly enough omitted the first step in the art, the balance step, without proper observation and knowledge of which no one can hope for even moderate success in any essay with the fists.

Premising that, although the leg is furnished with a good strong bone to impart to it solidity, it is necessary to be also acquainted with the fact that its greater bulk is constituted of muscles and tendons, which impart to it the activity which Nature manifestly designed it to exercise. Therefore it is only right to enforce, as a fundamental rule, that the elasticity of the leg is really its most important property in all that regards its movements. Nor is this all. The connection existing between the flexible muscles of the leg and the superiorly-placed organism is proved to be most intimate by the ordinary action of walking, where we find the reciprocal movements of arms and legs to constitute a most influential agency in producing celerity of movement. From this the novice has to learn that, having necessarily to avail himself of the utmost extent of his natural powers, he should use every endeavor to secure the acquisition of a perfect attitude, which may be defined as a habit of position in which the human body assumes and maintains its utmost ease and comfort. The least uneasiness, to say nothing of pain, indicates restraint.

An idea is often erroneously entertained that in boxing the entire weight should be thrown upon the hindmost foot, and that it is sufficient to avail one's self of the elasticity of the one put forward. Such a notion would require but little correction were people more generally to avail themselves of ordinary opportunities of learning the "reason why." As it is, however, the practice, nonsensical as it is, is too serious not to require a clear and explicit condemnation.

Supposing a man in walking were to bring down his feet with all his weight on his heels, could that man walk otherwise than as a cripple? would even his motion appear natural? would he not appear as if his muscles were actively tying him down, instead of assisting his efforts to "make way ahead?" Then what difference is there between walking on one's heel and standing on one's heel, except that in the latter case the dead weight becomes even more irksome, and, if the attitude is assumed for any offensive or defensive purpose, dangerous? The weight of the body should be distributed *equally* over both legs. If the hindmost leg be standing flatly upon the ground, it requires the exertion of considerable force to bring the impetus of that side of the body into action. The whole matter is rendered clear at a glance by the philosophical explanation that the centre of gravity requires to be preserved in the exact centre of the base of the body, and that any attempt to alter its natural line of direction must throw the body into a deformed attitude, and one altogether useless for any pugilistic purpose. The eye and the arm have hitherto received more than their fair share of credit as assistance to pugilistic prowess, and but little is regarded of the foot, yet let any reader just follow the few directions I shall now give in order to satisfy himself that that member is in reality the most important of all to the pugilist.

In the first place, bring both the feet together, with their soles flat on the ground; extend the left leg, at the same time throwing the weight of each leg lightly on the ball of the great toe; then draw back the left foot, and extend the right in a backward direction simultaneously. Perform this as quickly as you will for as great a distance as you like, and you will find that your movements will be as active as you can desire. At the same time, on striking out with the arms, the leverage power of the leg will be immediately experienced, whilst the head and body will be kept completely out of danger.

Now, repeating the first operation, merely throw the weight of the left leg on the ball of the great toe, and allow the complete sole of the right foot to repose flatly on the ground. In that position endeavor to retreat, and you will find yourself powerless unless you lift the right foot completely off the ground, and by so doing expose your head to the mercy of your antagonist. If you attempt to strike, your arm is shortened and rendered ineffective. If you endeavor to guard, your action is constrained and useless.

The position of the arms and hands is of very great importance. Many professors drop their hands to nearly a level with their hips. If they expect any advantage from this course they are obviously mistaken. Such a course leaves the head and chest without defence; while, if the hands were held properly, they could manifestly be more easily dropped than lifted. What is commonly called "holding the hands well up" is a mistake of the other extreme, as it merely guards the head and leaves the body open; while at the same time it strains the muscles and produces a tired sensation. Again, the fists should never be clenched till a blow is actually being delivered. The proper height at which to hold the arms and hands is that at which you feel no inconvenience from their leverage. This will be found when the ball of the thumb is nearly at a level with the shoulder with the arm outstretched, without the least strain, however, on the muscle.

STRIKING.

The notion cannot be too emphatically contradicted, that fighting consists merely in hitting where and how you can, without reference to judgment, skill, or precision. A good boxer should make his points with the celerity and certainty of a sharp shooter; or one "accomplished i' th' fence;" and, unless he aims at perfection in this, he misses the leading object of pugilism; and one that distinguishes it from the savage encounters of brute beasts.

In striking, *judgment* is shown by delivering blows on the most vulnerable parts of the body, in making quick successive returns to sore spots, and in not wasting blows. Thus it would not be policy, after closing one of your antagonist's eyes, to keep popping at the same place; but it would be manifestly advantageous to repeat the operation with respect to the sound optic.

Precision is accomplished by a union of celerity and determination. Once resolved, the blow should follow. Nothing requires the agency of a mind capable of instant resolution more than pugilism. An opportunity once lost may never be regained.

The nature of the mark is of great consequence. Some pugilists shatter their hands by aiming exclusively at the temporal and parietal bones of their antagonists, whereas were they to direct their blows at the nose and soft portions of the face they would save themselves from injury, and administer much severer punishment. But sometimes it so happens that a blow aimed at the nose, or its proximate region, will be averted by the peculiarity which some men indulge in of ducking their heads. The blow aimed at the nose will thus fall on the forehead. This can only be prevented by attentive study of such peculiarity, and by striking low. If you cannot be sure of his nose at all events make certain of his jaw.

DOUBLE BLOWS.

Next to delivering with judgment, expeditious hitting is of the utmost consequence; and "double hits," as they are called, are of the greatest importance. Although astonishingly simple in theory it is surprising that they have never been described, forming, as they do, exactly half the battle, which all must admit is the equivalent of two blows to one.

Poising the body lightly and gracefully upon the toes of each foot, prepare to deliver, and, having done so, recover with a bound; but without a pause allow the natural elasticity of your hindmost foot to propel you again forward, when you will again deliver, this time with increased severity, your whole weight being included in the blow. This is effected solely by the impetus given by the right leg, and the left foot should not touch the ground in the second delivery.

It is not intended to restrict the successive deliveries to two. The author of these pages has himself planted five blows successively; and, indeed, in a moment of advantage it is essential to follow up your success by such a mode of punishing.

DIRECTION OF BLOWS.

Why are most blows ineffective? Simply because they are without direction. Were the result of a pugilistic contest to be invariably decided by the mere elements of strength and determination the hardest hitter would always be the conqueror; yet we invariably see rough yokels worsted by the most delicate professors. The reason is simply this, that the yokel is extravagant with his strength; that he throws about wildly that of which his more careful adversary knows the proper value, and uses accordingly. The "rough" makes what he supposes to be a correct aim at his antagonist's head, and very often the blow falls upon that of another. Now, the same fellow in throwing a stone would think it very ridiculous to go so wide from his mark. The fact is, the attention paid to stone throwing is too often deemed unnecessary in boxing. Without enlarging on this part of the subject, however, it must be laid down as a golden rule that no blow can be effective in its delivery or consequences that is not given in a line with the great toe of the foot on whose side it is made. In planting a hit, always direct that toe towards the object you intend to strike; then let go, not before.

CROSS-COUNTER.

The cross-counter is a blow delivered across your antagonist's chest by a particular action of your body, consisting in suddenly elevating yourself on your toes and accumulating your full power, bringing your body round with a swing on the balls of both great toes, and dashing your fist into your adversary's jaw. This manœuvre is best used by two-handed fighters, who can take their man by surprise, by darting in their right after leading off with their left, and *vice versa*.

PARRYING.

It is often observed of pugilists that they suffer considerable punishment even in the act of parrying; but why they should do so is a perfect mystery. Surely they cannot entertain the idea that mere strength is required to parry? In foil fencing what should we say to the professor who could not avert a thrust without breaking his sword? yet some boxers of note have actually been known to take credit from their mutilated arms—the very sign of their incapacity and want of judgment.

It has been customary for professors of the noble art to undertake its tuition upon the principle of numbering the hits, stops, and guards, after the manner of the cavalry sword exercise. That this must be a fallacy requires no other consideration than that of the structure of the human frame, which is itself the weapon employed in pugilistic combat. That the varied conformations of men could be brought into most effective action by one set of rules is an idea as ridiculous as it would be to project an universal coat or boot. Such rules are only applicable to elementary gymnastic exercises. The theory is unphilosophical, and its practice is impracticible.

DAMAGED HANDS.

One of the most common objects of regard with respect to pugilists is the state of their hands. We often see men, the condition of whose knuckles commonly leads to the inference that they have broken bones and leaders by hard hitting; but the fact is, and any reader may test the fact for himself, that this is simply the result of not clenching the fist properly. Almost invariably the only fingers that are brought into firm contact with the palm are the fourth and little digits. When a blow is struck with the fingers in this position, the concussion is sure to inflict injury upon the leaders and knuckles, as it *must* fall unequally upon whatever it is projected against. By first securing the tips of the fore and middle fingers against the palm it will be found that the remaining digits will naturally do the same, when no injury need be feared, as the fist is thus formed solidly, and its contact with another body is equally resisted.

THE RALLY.

This is effected by suddenly breaking down your antagonist's guard after an ineffective delivery for instance, and so commanding his face with both hands, which, of course, should be used to the best advantage as rapidly as possible. The legs in this case should be brought squarely under the body, as all your weight is required to maintain your position. Your opponent will only be enabled to hit roundly at your head; and if you perform your part judiciously his blows will be of little effect. This course is most effective in cases where your head is grasped by your antagonist, as you may deliver your blows completely under his guard, and so not only punish but surprise him.

FISTS.

Before delivering a blow the hands should never be clenched. The practitioner must habituate himself to reserve the necessary strain upon the muscles for producing a good hard fist until the fist has almost reached the very point of contact. This is essential to be observed, else the strength that should be devoted to the blow will be found to have been expended upon the preparation for it.

STOPPING.

Great exertion is generally expended upon the operation of stopping, which a moment's reflection will show to be needless. The pugilist requires no more violent effort than the foil player to avert a blow that his dexterity affords him the means of avoiding. We have known men who have exhibited seriously bruised arms after a contest; but the reason of such an appearance is not to their credit as scientific fighters. As well might a fencer produce a battered foil as a proof of his proficiency as the boxer show bruised arms, because if the latter had stopped well, there would have been no such result. A touch as light as a feather is really enough to turn aside any lunge; while the most violent rebuff, improperly used, can do nothing more than injure the defender. Let it be, then, always borne in mind that the arms ought not to come in contact with the fists; and that, where such is the case, one of the antagonists at least can claim no pretensions to science.

GUARDING.

The proper attitude in guarding or stopping is an important consideration, as, unless the equilibrium of the body is accurately preserved, it is laid open to a return; and, at the best, a clumsy expedient has to be adopted to recover position. As when a blow is delivered the best course is to make provision for immediate retreat by carefully poising the body, so when in retreat the opportunity of returning should never be lost sight of. It is sufficient to stop or parry a blow at arm's length, without rushing forward to impede it, and so put yourself in danger.

BLOWS.

The striking hand is the left; the right hand ought never to be led with, as it exposes the head. A double can, however, be given with left and right—left first—which is most effective. By keeping your left arm for leading, and the right strictly as a guard, you keep the body out of danger; but when you have your opponent in a dilemma you may fight with both hands.

BODY BLOWS.

The body blow is most effective with a high-armed fighter, as, by receiving on the short ribs or pit of the stomach, he must drop his arms, which are then powerless; and then you may pop your right with impunity at his face.

BLOWS AND THEIR EFFECTS.

The knowledge of the effect of his blows is very necessary to the pugilist, for it not only informs him of the extent of punishment he administers, but, at the same time, prevents him from taking unnecessary trouble, and saves him from injuring himself by striking the solid bones of his antagonist.

The pit of the stomach, the short ribs, the thorax, the jaw under the ear, the nose, eyes, and mouth, are the most pregnable parts. They may all be attacked without danger to the hand; but when force alone is depended on, the temporal bones, the parietal bones, the collar bone, &c., may be planted on. Wherever the flesh is closely adherent to the bones, hard blows generally succeed in drawing blood and inflicting serious scars. Blows on its soft pulpy manes are of scarcely any avail.

Blows may be distinguished into two classes—those which act by producing numbness, and those which produce acute pain. Men have been known, after receiving a severe blow upon the parietal bone, to suffer numbness and the peculiar sensation known as pins and needles for several successive days. Blows on the nose and stomach are the most acutely painful of all.

TACTICS.

Ordinary guide books confine themselves to the mere enumeration of positions, as if the attributes of mere automata constituted the essentials of pugilism. Thus we are deliberately told that to deliberately guard against a blow we are to do such and such a thing; but could anything more silly be imagined than for two men to be pitted together doing nothing else but hitting and stopping according to rule. The pugilist requires judgment of time, distance, and opportunity. He must not show by any outward expression what his aim really is. He must hold his opponent in this fix—that the latter will never know what he is to expect, or where to expect it. Certain points will be first noted with the eye of a good general; but it would be folly to confine operations to one or two of these. Let your favors be equally distributed, and your fairness will meet its own reward.

THE UPPER CUT.

This "much-vaunted" blow may be effected with advantage in cases where your antagonist holds his head unusually low; but it is very dangerous to the hand, and may be superceded by stepping back a pace as your opponent rushes in. He must raise his eyes to see where you are; avail yourself of that opportunity, and let fly straight at his face.

CRICKET.

CRICKET IN NEW ORLEANS—CRESCENT CITY CRICKET CLUB—MARRIED AND SINGLE.—The first match of the season came off on the Delachaise ground, on the 16th inst., between the above elevens, and produced a pretty lively game. In consequence, however, of the inability of several members to attend, players were substituted from the Pelican Club to make up the elevens.

The play on both sides, as is usual in first matches of young clubs, was of the rough and ready sort, most runs being got by those from whom least was expected, and *vice versa*. On the married side, the slow bowling of Abrams was not only "dead on," but full of work, and very destructive. Messrs. Steward and Hand also bowled well. The batting of Messrs. Abrams and Hane was of the hitting order, while Hanlon's score was got by such neat, effective play, as to bespeak future excellence.

Of the single eleven, who to all appearance had by odds the strongest team, we must say their play was very crooked. Shawcross, (whose wicket keeping was the admiration of the field) Cooling and Johnson only making double figures, and not then except by adding both innings together. Generalship (which they sadly lacked) and the bowling of Mr. Abrams, effectually did the business for them. We must not, however, omit to say that the bowling of Mr. John Freret, who only played in the second innings was as usual, good. Cooling both bowled and (as he always does) batted well, and but for his extreme caution in defending his wicket against Abrams's "*insinuators*," and consequent neglect of hitting at times, would probably have reversed the issue. Johnson—a promising player of the Pelican Club—played a safe game. The return match will be played on the 30th ult. Below is the score:

MARRIED ELEVEN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Abrams run out	11	b Cooling	7
Hand l b w b Shawcross	10	c John Freret b Cooling	1
Hanlon b Kenna	26	b John Freret	0
White b Kenna	4	b John Freret	1
Hanning b Kenna	7	not out	19
Adam b Cooling	1	run out	6
Gordon b Cooling	0	run out	1
Brenan c Cooling b Kenna	1	run out	1
Smith b Kenna	0	b John Freret	1
McGawley c Johnson b McKenna	0	c Cooling b Shawcross	0
Stewart not out	0	b John Freret	2
Byes, &c	0	Byes	2
Total	60	Total	41

SINGLE ELEVEN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Shawcross c and b Abrams	8	b Stewart	7
Kenna b Hand	1	b Abrams	5
Coppel c and b Abrams	1	c Smith b Stewart	1
Cooling c Smith b Abrams	6	b Stewart	7
Bryson b Abrams	0	b Stewart	4
Johnson b Hand	13	b Stewart	6
Bennett b Abrams	5	b Abrams	1
Cavanagh b Hand	2	c Adam b Abrams	0
Jas Freret b Abrams	6	not out	3
John Freret at Hanlon b Abrams	0	b Stewart	0
De Choiseul not out	1	run out	0
Wide 1, byes 5	6	Byes	10
Total	49	Total	44

LEG GUARD.

CRICKET IN NEW ORLEANS.—A glorious season is anticipated in the Crescent City, and many and good are the matches already made, chief among which is the expected encounter between the Crescent City and Mobile Clubs, which is set down also to take place at the latter city on the 21st inst. Both clubs are confident of victory. We were going to add: "A fair field and may the best club win," but from what has recently come under our observation, we take it back and apologise.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, of Philadelphia, is eagerly sought after by the cricketers of Rochester, so says a correspondent, who says in reply to Hammond's challenge, that they have in their county three old veterans, whose united ages amount to 169 years, who are willing to play him for any sum he chooses. Here is an opportunity for speculation.

THE SUSSEX CRICKET CLUB, of Philadelphia, a new organization, it is intended shall engage in several tournaments on the tented field during the season. They have already played one termed Sussex vs. Surrey, the latter scoring 130 in both innings, the former 117 and 13 with 8 wickets to fall.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office.	45–6m*
Boston, Mass.....Peter Kelley, 2 Williams Court.	44–3m*
Pittsburgh, Pa.....L. Y. Clark, 45 Fifth street.	45–3m*
St. Louis, Mo.....Wm. Dowling Bulletin office.	43–3m*
Troy, N. Y.....Arch. B. Hay, Whig office.	46–3m*

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
MECHANICS' HALL,
472 BROADWAY, (above Grand street.)
OPEN EVERY NIGHT DURING THE SEASON.
The Original and Unequalled
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
COMPRISING FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
The Entertainments consist of Pleasing Songs, Dances, Sayings, Eccentricities, Burlesques, Soiree d'Ethiope, Magic Well, Three Hunters, Banjo Songs, Quartettes, McDill Darrell Brothers, Hop of Fashion, Damon and Pythias, Tyrolean Warblers, Burlesque Circus, Muzard Concerts, Essence of Old Virginny, and Scenes on the Plantation, &c.
Under the direction of the celebrated
ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS,
JERRY, NEIL, and DAN BRYANT.
Doors open at 6½; curtain rises at 7½ o'clock.
Admission.....25 cents.

GEO. CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.
NIBLO'S SALOON.
THE GREATEST EXCELLENCE EVER ATTAINED BY ANY TROUPE IN THE WORLD.
This STAR TROUPE, led by the Renowned and Versatile
GEO. CHRISTY,
Possessing in an eminent degree the most exalted talent in the different *roles* of the profession,
THE BEST QUARTETTE,
THE SWEETEST BALLAD SINGERS,
THE MOST FINISHED DANCERS,
THE FINEST INSTRUMENTALISTS, AND
SCIENTIFIC SOLO PERFORMERS,
MOST ECCENTRIC ACTORS
AND COMEDIANS
INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY EVER BROUGHT
TOGETHER IN THE BUSINESS,
Will hold their recherche Levees as above
EVERY EVENING,
Previous to their departure for Europe in the course of the Summer.
This agreeable and versatile performance will conclude with one of GEO. CHRISTY'S *own* comic pieces, in which *he* will personate the *principal character*. For particulars of which, see small bills.
Doors open at 7, to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 1-tf

MELODEON!
539 BROADWAY, CHINESE BUILDINGS.
CHEAPEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
The entertainments at this model establishment this week will be varied by the introduction of several new artists of acknowledged talent, who, together with the following members of the old troupe, constitute a
GALAXY OF EXCEEDING BRILLIANCE.
MISS FANNY FORREST, the charmer, whose dulcet strains subdue all hearts.
MISS EMMA LESLIE, the Excelsior Ballad Singer.
MISS MARY PARTINGTON, the best Dancer on the Stage.
MISS KATE BLANCHARD, the Fairy Danseuse.
MISS JULIA CUSTINE, former Ballet Leader of the Marsh Troupe.
MISS JENNIE CUSTINE, formerly of the Ravels.
MISS CHARLES,
MISS BLAKE, and others, making a Splendid Corps de Ballet.
Mr. S. BARRY, the popular Author and Actor.
Mr. J. CONRAD, the Great Baritone.
IKE McKENNA, the Champion Jig Dancer.
Mr. J. MORRIS, Ethiopian Dancer, and others.
Amongst the new features, the Management take pleasure in announcing the actual presence in flesh and blood, of the original
Mlle. ELLA ZOYARA BOYZENARIUS,
THE ORIENTAL MYTH,
Whose being has entranced the senses of the Old World, and whose fame has so addled the brains of rival managers as to make each of them fancy that they had separately created and were alone able to show this wonderful personage.
An epitome of the thrilling and romantic history of this young lady will be found in the bills of the day.
Mr. ED. BLAND, the great Tenor.
Mr. T. BROOKFIELD,
The great Ethiopian Performer, whose act "Around the Horn" is a gem such as is rarely seen.
These with others whose varied beauties have constituted the Melodeon stage a
LIVING PANORAMA OF EVER INCREASING LOVELINESS.
The celebrated favorites of the place, whose excellence have made them absolutely essential to the gratification of the refined and intelligent audiences who nightly attend the Melodeon, will continue to make the evening joyous with Music, Song and Dance.
It is not necessary to enumerate the individual artists of this troupe, for their fame and name is the pleasing theme of comment by every lover of the beautiful.
The Orchestra is under the management of Prof. STRAUB.
1 FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION,
Comprising the following well known artists:—
R. M. HOOLEY,
S. C. CAMPBELL,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
J. UNSWORTH,
MASTER EUGENE,
E. H. WINCHELL,
J. B. DONNIKER,
A. J. HOBBS,
J. C. REEVES,
C. H. MELVILLE,
T. J. PEEL,
J. HILLIARD,
T. WINSTON,
L. A. ZWISLER,
&c., &c., &c.
Who have been justly acknowledged by the PUBLIC and the PRESS, in all places where they have performed, to be, without exception, the most talented Company ever organized. 3

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS,
From
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON,
Most respectfully announce that they will shortly start on their
THIRD ANNUAL TOUR,
Previous to commencing their
FOURTH SEASON IN BOSTON,
On September 1st, 1860.
LOOK AT THE ARRAY OF TALENT:
Lon Morris, E. Bowers,
Billy Morris, D. S. Wambold,
Johnny Pell, A. A. Thayer, A. Werner,
J. C. Trowbridge, R. M Carroll,
W. H. Brockway, Herr Endres,
E. W. Prescott, Herr Hess,
J. S. Gilbert, Little Barney,
Carl Troutman, Chas. A Morris,
Fred Wilson, E. Sutton.
With the above troupe of artists the management contend that they have the MOST COMPLETE
52 MINSTREL COMPANY EVER ORGANISED.

COSMOPOLITAN MINSTRELS.
BEASLEY & SMITH, Proprietors.
This mammoth troupe of talented performers are now on their annual tour, and will, prior to their opening in New York for the Fall and Winter Season of 1860 and '61, visit the following cities:—Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Reading, Lancaster, &c., &c.
The company is composed of
THIRTEEN OF THE MOST BRILLIANT STARS IN THE PROFESSION,
And consists of the following well known gentlemen:—
Comic Talent,
JOHNNY PIERCE, J. QUINN, JOHNNY NEIL.
The Great Quartette,
J. H. COLLINS, MR. FOSTER, J. W. HILTON, D. HARPER.
Musical Department,
GEO. WILKS, J. KEITH, HERR VANLATTER, L. M. FORD.
The Original
YOUNG AMERICA
and
WM. A. CHRISTY,
The only person by the name of Christy now traveling.
Admission.....25 cents.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.
4 4t* Dr. J. W. BOGART, Agent.

MRS. MATT PEEL'S
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Comprising fifteen versatile performers, whose concerts are always hailed with shouts of enthusiasm, invariably winning the highest encomiums, are on their travelling route. Their *repertoire* of
SONGS, DANCES,
BURLETTAS,
FARCIAL SCENES, &c.
Are selections from the most popular of the day, being everywhere pronounced beyond competition, and which have won for the company the enviable title,
EXCELSIOR.
The Musical Department is under the direction of HERR MALF, the popular composer. The features of the evening's melange are always particularized in programmes of the day.
45 tf J. T. HUNTLEY, Business Manager.

THE PHILADELPHIA MELODEON,
(Late City Museum),
Callowhill st., between Fourth and Fifth sts., Philadelphia.
This establishment presents a greater combination and variety of attraction than any other
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD,
And all at an amount which brings it within the capacity of the most limited purse.
Amongst the many scenes and acts which constitute the stage of the Melodeon a
LIVING PANORAMA OF EVER-INCREASING LOVELINESS,
The Management has the pleasure of enumerating in
THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC,
The justly celebrated Soprano,
MISS FANNY FORREST,
The most popular vocalist upon the American Stage. Miss Forrest has just closed an engagement of 183 nights at the New York Melodeon, which has been the greatest and most popular engagement ever played at that house.
Mr. J. CONRAD,
The eminent Baritone.
DICK CUNNINGHAM,
The only legitimate Comic Singer, in his new budget of Comicalities
Mr. JOHN MULLIGAN,
The original Bob Ridley, and delineator of the Plantation Darkey of the South.
MISS KATE ARCHER,
The beautiful and talented French Danseuse and Pantomimist, from the New York Melodeon.
MISS KATE CONNER,
Danseuse and Versatile Actress, from the Bowery Theatre, New York.
Mr. JAMES CONNER,
Comic Singer and Comedian, and without an equal in the entire profession.
The great favorite of the West, the beautiful
EMILY LEMAIRE,
Late Principal Danseuse of the Chicago Theatre.
First week of
Mr. HENRY LESLIE,
The celebrated Pantomimist and Dancer, late of the Theatre Francais, New York.
The charming and accomplished American Danseuse,
M'LLE MARIA,
Who is engaged for a limited number of nights.
The Champion Clog Dancer of America,
DICK SANDS,
Formerly of Bryant's Minstrels, now from the world-renowned Melodeon of 539 Broadway, New York.
Besides Messrs. EW'D RILEY, A. J. LEAVITT, D. GALLAGHER, Ethiopian and Comic Singers of note,
DAN GARDNER,
The only acknowledged original Wench now on the stage.
First week of
MISS SALLIE BISHOP,
The Empress of Motive Poetry.
Fourth week of the original conglomeration of circumstances, received every evening with shouts of applause at the New York Melodeon, entitled
ROW AT THE MELODEON;
OR, MR. AND MRS. MACBETH INDISPOSED.
Written by Mr. S. BARRY, Stage Manager of the New York Melodeon.
First week of the New Comic Pantomime and Ballet of the
ECCENTRIC LOVERS,
With the following powerful cast of characters:—
Manette, (with beautiful dances).....Sallie Bishop
Gibotino, (the Eccentric Lover).....D. Gallagher
Colin, (in love with Manette).....H. Leslie
Lubin, (a fat boy).....J. Conner
M'me Gibon, (Manette's mother).....Dan Gardner
During the piece the following dances:—
Characteristic Polka by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Corps de Ballet.
Scene Dansante.....Miss Sallie Bishop
Dance (comic).....The Old Woman
To conclude with
LA POLKA DE BOHEME,
By Sallie Bishop, M'lle Marie, Mr. H. Leslie, and the Corps de Ballet.
First week of the Ethiopian Opera,
OH HUSH!
Written for, and put upon the stage originally by T. D. Rice.
Look at the cast of characters:
Rose.....Old Dan Gardner
Cuff.....John Mulligan
Sam Johnson.....J. Conrad
Pete Williams.....A. J. Leavitt
Boot Blacks, &c., &c., by the Company.
BESIDES
A HOST OF NEW ACTS,
which defy competition from all the world combined.
The entertainment is continually interspersed with choice *morceaux* of fun, drollery, olios, burlesques, and comicalities, and concludes each evening with a farce of such character as to shake the wrinkles out of the
BROW OF CARE,
and smooth it over with gladness.
This week, the prominent afterpiece will be the side-splitting Farce entitled
THE ETON BOY.
The principal characters by
Misses Sallie Bishop, Kate Conner, Messrs. J. Conner, Dick Cunningham, A. J. Leavitt, and H. Leslie.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
There will be a
GRAND MATINEE
Given at the Melodeon, 421 Callowhill street,
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 5TH,
For the accommodation of
FAMILIES AND CHILDREN.
Doors open at 1 o'clock. Performance will comence at 2 precisely.
N. B.—The HEENAN and SAYERS COLORS, the only ones in the city, will be exhibited at the Melodeon every evening this week. No extra charge.
Admission 15 cents.
Doors open at a quarter to 7.
Performance to commence at 7½ P. M., precisely.
3 FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.

SOON!
PROFESSOR ANDERSON,
GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH,
AND
MONARCH OF ALL MAGICIANS,
Will open his
NEW REPERTOIRE OF WONDERS
In New York,
On his arrival from California. His
GRAND MAGICAL SOIREES
Will be on the same scale of unsurpassed grandeur as when presented by him in 1851-2, at Metropolitan Hall, the Broadway Theatre, and Astor Place Opera House. He has recently made a circumterranean tour, and, after having visited Australia and the Sandwich Islands, is now in California, where his success has been unprecedented in the annals of Pacific Amusements.
On his return to New York his
APPARATUS WILL BE NOVEL AND MAGNIFICENT,
HIS PARAPHERNALIA SUPERBLY GORGEOUS,
And the
ENTIRE ENTERTAINMENT NEW AND ASTOUNDING. 4-tf

SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE—
Eleventh street, Philadelphia,
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
SANFORD'S OPERA TROUPE,
The largest, oldest, and best organization of
MINSTRELS IN THE WORLD,
COMPRISING TWENTY PERFORMERS,
The whole under the direction of.....SAMUEL S. SANFORD.
Cards of admission, 25 cents. 20-3m

TO TRAVELLING EXHIBITIONS, Troupes, and Public Artists.—MERRILL Hall, Detroit, Mich., situated on the corner of the principal avenues of the city, was completed last fall, and now offers great attractions to managers. It has four ante-rooms, and spacious passages. It is ventilated like the British House of Commons, from the base, and lighted from the ceiling. Its acoustic properties are unsurpassed, and for scenic performances it is unequalled. It will hold 1300 persons. Terms $25 per night. Address Charles Merrill, No. 8 Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich. 1-3m.

MELODEON HALL.—This new and beautiful Hall, capable of seating from twelve to fourteen hundred persons, has been leased by the subscriber for a term of years, and is now ready to rent for Concerts, Lectures, Fairs, &c. It is, without doubt, one of the finest Concert Halls in the country, as regards comfort and elegance.
For terms, address by letter, JOHN P. ORDWAY,
Ordway Hall, Boston,
Or personal application from 10 to 12, A. M., or 2 to 4, P. M., at the Melodeon Hall, to JAMES McGEE, Superintendent. 44-3m

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday. 51-tf

OLD PITTSBURGH THEATRE.—Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the spring and summer season, opening on the 10th of March, will please address W. HENDERSON, Manager, Pittsburgh. Stars treated with on liberal terms. W. HENDERSON,
44-tf Lessee and Manager.

WANTED—For the Detroit and Grand Rapids Theatre, a good first old man; none others need apply. Address
3 2t* E. T. SHERLOCK, Manager, Detroit Theatre.

M'LLE LOUISE WELLS Equestrian and Dramatic Troupe.—All business letters addressed to this (the CLIPPER) office, will be promptly attended to. [3 4t*] JAMES PILGRIM, Agent.

FIRST CLASS MINSTREL PERFORMERS can get steady engagements with a traveling band now being organized. Address, stating terms, E. LEHMAN,
3 2t* No. 109 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O

BANJO TAUGHT, by J. BOGAN, 144 Forsyth street, at 50 cts per lesson. Lessons given on JIG DANCING. 4-1t.

DETROIT THEATRE.—First class Stars, having nights from the 7th of May, may address E. T. SHERLOCK, Manager,
1-5t* Detroit Theatre.

SAMUEL W. GULICK, Scenic Artist, will shortly be disengaged, and open for engagements. Address as above, to Indianapolis, Ind.
4-3t*

CITY SUMMARY.

As we have been busy of late in bringing the fighters up to the scratch in good condition, we will now turn our attention in another quarter, and "see the players well bestowed."

Adah Isaacs Menken finished her week at the Old Bowery, on the 5th. The early portion of the engagement was good, but towards the end of the week, the attendance was only moderate. Her benefit, on Friday evening was fairly attended only. This week, Mr. R. Johnson is the card, in tragedy, and the pretty Mrs. J. H. Allen has also been engaged.

Business has been rather shy at Wallack's, and the natural result is that the "poor players" have had permission to take their benefits. On or about Monday next, a drama, by Tom Taylor, called the "Overland Route," is to be produced, and with it, probably, the season will "wind-up," as our boxing friends have it.

A complimentary testimonial to Mr. George Brookes is to come off at the New Bowery, on Wednesday evening, May 16th, and as the occasion will be the first appeal made in behalf of friend Brookes, it is hoped that his friends will crowd the theatre. A very entertaining and varied programme is being arranged, and the testimonial bids fair to be an event is east-side theatricals.

Madame Gazzaniga, it is now stated, will leave for Europe on the 30th inst.

One of our cotemporaries states that "Miss Laura Keene is going to take her two boys to England, to have them educated." A good many folks have not, until now, been aware that Miss Laura has two boys.

Bryants' hall of minstrelsy has been doing a rushing business since our last, the saloon being nightly crowded to the full extent. Jerry Bryant, Norton, and Eph Horn have been more than usually entertaining, and their hits at the Benish and Sayers topic never fail to elicit the loudest applause. This temple holds its own in the great Metropolis of America. Strangers in the city do not consider they have seen the entire elephant unless they visit Bryants'.

It is easy enough to be seen that Barnum is around again. His old dodges have come once more with a rush, and he thinks nothing of yarning it in the most barefaced manner. One day, he gets up a fight (on paper) between a grizzly bear and old Adams, the bear hunter, but the "dear public" fight shy of all such Barnumisms, and the thing falls flat. Again, he intimates that he has engaged the two champions to show in connection with his curiosities—but the people don't take. Some new sort of humbug must be tried before Barnum can fetch 'em.

"Harry Blake, or the Man that Traveled on his Muscle," dramatized from our second Prize Story, of which the concluding chapters appeared in our last issue, was presented to the patrons of the New Bowery, for the first time, on Saturday evening, the 5th inst. "Harry Blake" was dramatized for Messrs. Lingard & Fox, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., the successful dramatizer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and we need scarcely add, that he has succeeded fully in making it a telling play. Long previous to the rise of the curtain, the house was crowded, the pit, almost to suffocation, and at one time it was thought the Pittites would commence "hostilities," travel on *their* muscle, and take possession of the orchestra stalls, so anxious were they to have a peep at "the man wot chucked a policeman into a second story windy," as we heard a newsboy remark to another, seemingly, not posted. The piece throughout, from the first scene, to the denouement, afforded a vast deal of amusement to the immense audience, particularly the ladies, who viewed the pugilistic encounters as an unusual and agreeable novelty in the way of entertainment. Mr. G. C. Boniface represented the muscleman to perfection; his sparring throughout the piece was neat and skillful, the audience making the house ring with their plaudits, whenever he succeeded in making a good "stop," or sent in his "effective left," on the "nozzle" of his adversary. In the glove bout with Mr. McCloskey, both proved themselves quite expert in the art pugilistique. Mr. G. L. Fox made a capital Jem Battles, and kept the audience in an incessant state of uproar and good humor. To witness Mr. Fox, in this character alone, is well worth a visit to the New Bowery. The piece will run during the week.

George Christy not only gives the best of entertainments to the New York public, but he also favors our Brooklyn friends with matinees on Saturdays. On the 12th, his company, headed by himself, will give a matinee at the Athenæum, South Brooklyn. There are three very clever ballad singers with George Christy, viz: Messrs. Hermann, Bidaux, and Willmarth.

Mrs. Brougham has satisfied herself that the Broadway Boudoir has been too often "renovated" to be a profitable source of amusement, and has followed the course of her illustrious predecessors by giving up the establishment before it used up her. She tried hard to make it go, but the public did not respond in sufficient numbers, and the result was, a wind up. Prof. Jacobs, a wizard, has obtained possession, but whether his magic art will enable him to see his way clear, and put the thing through, remains to be told. Reserved seats, 50 cents. Back seats 25 cents. We hope the professor may not be compelled to take a back seat.

The double-team of Italian operatics are yet running—Ullman, with Patti, relying upon "Mose"—not he of Chanfrau notoriety, but Mose of Egyptian antiquity—while Maretzek is doing the last nights of his new prima donna, Inez Fabbri. Both parties appear to have given up the regular school of librettoes, and are now "searching the Scriptures" for proper texts. Ullman has succeeded in getting out Moses, and Maretzek is hard at work on "Nebuchadnezzar." The most remarkable part of the business is, that there has not been a regular fight among these foreigners for nearly a week. What's the matter? Have the beautiful reports of the Heenan and Sayers mill overwhelmed them?

Nixon's Circus is still on show at Niblo's. Miss Marian Macarthy has been added to the company. She is a very pleasing singer, and equally pleasing in her manners. Another of the Hanlon Brothers, William, who has been unable to appear heretofore, owing to an injury he sustained some months since, is also announced for this week. He is said to be the most finished gymnast of the day. One of the principal attractions of the show, is Mr. James Robinson. Like good wine, he seems to get better the older he grows.

Speaking professionally, we have just arrived at a period of little excitement, so far as the amusements of the city are regarded, the season of May, when our people are *moving* their goods, fixing for the year, etc. We are consequently near the termination of what is called the "season," when the sympathies of the same people cease to be *moved* by the efforts of the actors. Prior to April, everything in the shape of novelty has been tried—where successfully, of course having no necessity for future effort until the Autumn; where otherwise, admonishing the managements to close present accounts as soon as possible, and await with hope for the "better time coming." Now, then, is the time, for comparative rest on the part of both public and professionals—the one, save on the night of a favorite's benefit, being in no particular agony for a seat in the parquet or boxes; the other luxuriating over the prospect of a speedy release to retirement, or a "star" tour in distant "diggings." With successful lessees (and we are rejoiced to state that most of the lessees in our midst have been very successful of late), the pleasant contemplations of art and profit are combined. In these relations, there is the neat cottage at Long Branch, and the mountain home in Pennsylvania which present themselves, in comparison with the dirty scenes that must be laid by for three months; and the depositing in some safe bank of the season's proceeds. Meanwhile, in the style of the season, which Shakespeare says, "dies in music," does our theatric season sigh itself away; until closed up doors, unlighted lamps, and the absence of broadside posters proclaim the temporary suspension of the theatric reign. In some instances, that reign is continued throughout the summer, but to so small an extent as to afford no exception to the given rule. Having said this much, we come to our periodic duty of speaking of the *have beens* of the past week and the *to bees* of the coming. There is something Janus-like in the occupation; nevertheless, we address ourselves to it, with pleasure and the utmost of our ability.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, and Viola Crocker, returned to New York last week from Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, where Mr. C. was stage manager during the past season. Mr. Pike, we learn, will be here in a few days, doubtless to make some arrangements for the next season. Mr. Conway will probably resume his position when Pike re-opens.

We have an unusual number of side shows in the city just now. In Chatham street may be seen a marvellous mountain of flesh, in the shape of a fat little boy; lower down the same thoroughfare is located another load in the person of the fat woman; then we have the snake woman; the tail of a whale, the snake-armed man, etc.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

By the Pony Express, we have been placed in possession of the following items concerning some of our travelling friends in the Golden State:—

PLACERVILLE, April 21st, 1860.

DEAR CLIPPER—The equestrian members of the Metropolitan Circus drop you a few lines by horse power (Pony Express), in advance of Uncle Sam's Slow Mails. Our company have been performing for upwards of eight weeks to a very good business, although they have experienced some rainy weather. This place is crowded with strangers, *en route* for Washoe—loads of the precious ore arrive every day from the diggins.....The Hon. John C. Bell died on Sunday, at Sacramento, from wounds inflicted by Dr. Stone. The affray occurred in the capital.....The Bulkhead bill has been vetoed by Gov. Downey.....Durand, of Wilson's company, was kicked by a horse, and broke his leg—the company do not open for some time.....Marsh Children at the Lyceum—Misses Gordon and Perry at McGuire's.....Baker at the American.....Stark's company come here to-morrow. Old Dave Anderson, and the veteran Bill Barry, are with him.....We leave to-morrow for Drytown, *en route* for the Southern mines, and in the course of six weeks we will be in Virginia city, Washoe.....A great deal of interest is felt here in the great fight—the Benicia the favorite.....Through the medium of your valuable paper, allow us to send our respects to the members of the Equestrian profession throughout the Atlantic States—take a pony brandy, Frank, by Pony Express. Wishing you and the CLIPPER long life and prosperity, we subscribe ourselves your friends.

Sam Lathrop, George Peoples, Wm. Franklin, A. J. Reed, N. M. Hinckley, E. Essen, I. H. Kies, L. J. Rees, Sig. Cordello.
Metropolitan Circus
Lathrop, Peoples & Franklin, proprietors.

[Brandy not being very good hereaway, but having an excellent "Bourbon among us" just now, we drank a pony of the latter to the success, and safe return of our absent friends.—ED. CLIP.]

Parker's Varieties was to have closed at, Salisbury, N. C., on the 28th ult. Mr. Joe Parker's benefit took place on the 27th, when Jerry Taylor appeared as Edward Middleton, in the "Drunkard."

Mr. J. S. Johnson has re-opened his concert hall in St. Joseph, and appearances indicate a good season, the city being more than usual, owing to the numbers daily arriving there, en route for Pike's Peak. Johnson's Saloon is the only place of amusement in operation at St. Joseph, and business is excellent. The following is a list of the company:—J. S. Johnson, proprietor and buffo comedian; Leon de Berger, stage manager; Mart Flavin, Johnny Hodges, Frank Lynch, Professors Miller and Davis, jugglers and magicians, Master Willie, and Miss Marietta. The St. Joseph folks pay 25 cents per ticket, and don't grumble.

Herr Lengle, animal performer, left the Van Amburgh show at St. Louis, and can now be heard of at S. Miller's Hotel, 331 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Harry Enoch's Ethiopian Serenaders are travelling with the Van Amburgh party, and have with them M'lle Perico, slack wire dancer, and E. M. Dickenson, comic singer.

Miss Kimberly has been performing at Metropolitan Hall, Indianapolis, Ind. The Indianapolitans can't go the theatre, but fetches 'em easy. There's nothing like suiting people in their tastes, and "hall" will answer just as well as the "common theatre," as long as it enables the manager to haul in the quarters. The "Octoroon" didn't take first rate, so Miss Kimberly gave a series of other pieces. She is now in Cleveland, Ohio.

The supplemental season at the New Memphis Theatre closed on the 28th ult., with the benefit of Miss Jennie Stanley, in aid of which Miss Maggie Mitchell appeared. Rumsey & Newcomb's Campbell Minstrels had been engaged by Manager Thompson, and were to perform at the theatre last week.

Page's Minstrels gave a concert in Keith's Hall, Plainfield, N. J., on the 25th ult. Their notes are said to be better than those sung by the Plainfield Bank.

Mr. Oliver Dodge, "the circus man," is in Indianapolis, where he shortly intends to open a riding school for the summer, under cover.

Mrs. Macready, who is now on her farewell tour in America, gave a dramatic reading at Association Hall, Albany, on the 24 inst.

The following-named parties are now attached to Frank Rivers' Melodeon, Philadelphia:—Misses Sallie Bishop, Eliza Gardner, Kate Archer, Emily Lemaire, Fanny Forrest, M'lle Marie; Messrs. Sands, D. Gallagher, J. Conner, Harry Leslie, Dick Cunningham, John Mulligan, Dan Gardner, A. J. Leavitt, J. Conrad, N. Lorinz.

Miss Sallie Bishop, who is now one of the principal attractions of Frank Rivers' Philadelphia Melodeon, is thus spoken of by the New News of that city:—"This accomplished and beautiful young actress is now fulfilling an engagement at the "Melodeon," a new concert house, or rather concert room, which, under the influence of the increasing taste for light musical entertainments in this city, has recently been opened in Callowhill street, under the auspices of Mr. Frank Rivers, the enterprising and successful proprietor of a well known establishment of the same name in Broadway, New York. Miss Bishop is styled in the advertisements and bills the "Empress of motive poetry," and if the possession of an exceedingly beautiful person, captivating manners, together with skillful and graceful dancing, may give title to that distinction, it has not in her case been misapplied, for she possesses all of those attractions in a remarkable degree. Mr. Rivers has displayed both judgment and tact in the selection of his artistes, and the large audiences nightly fill the house, satisfactorily prove how well the Philadelphia public know how to appreciate them. To such as are desirous to behold attractions of no common order, permit us to suggest that they go and see Miss Sallie Bishop."

The celebrated Cooper Opera Troupe, played four nights last week to crowded houses at Kingston, C. W. The Belleville, Canada W. Athenæum, is a very nice little theatre, which Mr. Geo. Lester, proprietor, has gone to considerable expense in erecting. The building which is to be devoted expressly to theatrical representations, has a good stage, and is well stocked with new and beautiful scenery. At the present prices, $1 and 50 cents, it will hold $

On the 1st inst., there was a grand May-day festival at the Opera House, Cincinnati; in which the pupils of the Intermediate High Schools, under their teachers, took part. An immense audience was attracted, the proceeds being applied to the School Library.

The "Enchantress" (a spectacular and musical drama, founded on the opera of the same name) was produced at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 30th ult., with Miss Richings in the principal part. With rich scenery and costumes, and the excellent acting of Miss Richings and others, the novelty made a "palpable hit."

As an indication of the amusement-loving habits of the Parisians we may state that the capital contains thirty-five opera houses, theatres, and hippodromes. This is far ahead of the London average, which is twenty-seven—the respective populations being 1,250,000 and 3,000,000 of persons.

The Benoit suit for $10,000 damages, against the New Orleans Picayuta," came to an end last week. It was originated by the keeper of a petty show, on account of the exposure made in the columns of the "Delta," by which it appeared that the show was only one in name and as a scandal and a nuisance to the city, only fit for instant removal. During the pending of the case in court, the lawyer employed by Benoit did a great deal of the "vaporing" business, but ultimately confessed he had washed his hands of it. The next day, on the case being called, neither plaintiff nor witnesses appeared, when the judge immediately dismissed it. A similar suit to the above had been brought against the "Picayune" by the same Benoit, and would was expected, terminate in like manner.

The Cooper English Opera Troupe opened in Toronto, C. W., on the 30th ult., for three weeks; and then they come to Buffalo and Rochester. The troupe will probably "break up" early in June, the short season, and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper will return to Philadelphia. On the 9th of July they open at Boston for four weeks, with an entirely new company, much larger than the present troupe, and thereafter be known as the "Anglo-American Opera Troupe."

Mr. John Ellsler, Jr's, company, at the Indianapolis Hall, is composed of members of Pike's Opera House, and Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. Among them are W. E. Sheridan, a talented young actor, a Bostonian by birth; Geo. H. Chaplin; John E. Durivage, comedian, and Miss Fanny Denham.

"Our American Cousin," with Mr. Sothern and Miss Sara Stevens as the stars, was given for the last time at Mr. Sherlock's Theatre, Detroit, on the 30th ult. The "Romance of a Poor Young Man" succeeded it. Mr. Sherlock has shown good management since he commenced the season.

L. B. Lent's Great National Circus is in Pennsylvania, and gave a show at West Chester on the 4th inst. In the company are Sam R. Stickney, Harry Bartine, J. R. Hankins, W. Ducrow, R. Stickney, the Roman Brothers, George Sweet, R. Hernandez, James Pauls, O. W. Ross, H. Forrest, John Thomas, Charles Freeman, Miss Emma Stickney, Ella Burke, and the graceful rider known in New York as M'lle Heloise. The clowns are Wm. Kennedy, John Franklin, Sam. Stickney, Jr. We should not forget to mention that the celebrated mules "Dan Rice" and "P. T. Barnum," are also retained. The managers respectfully request our country cousins not to "overlook this *Great Triple Consolidation* with the small theatrical exhibitions, railroad circuses, Ethiopian bands, dilapidated menageries, with a fag-end of a circus attached, and similar establishments now infesting the country in profusion, as *This is Really a Circus*, with its wagons, wardrobes, properties, and all the necessary resources for the production of a first-class entertainment." This hit at some, we presume is only Lent. The "fag-end" chaps will doubtless come out, and repay the "Triple Concern," with interest.

The Christy Minstrels were still in London, giving their series of farewell performances.

Opera may well be called an "institution" in France, where the chief theatre in Paris devoted to the lyric muse affords constant employment to twelve hundred persons.

A new piece, by Tom Taylor, called "The Fool's Revenge," is being acted at the Princess' Theatre, London, with moderate success.

It is said that Macready, the tragedian, has had so many presents plate presented to him, as to require a room for their accommodation. Among these is the "testimonial" in silver given to him by American admirers some years since, and valued at $5,000. All these, it is rumored, are to be brought from their hiding place to adorn the new home of the ancient tragedian and his youthful wife.

Mr. Bourcicault has written a letter to the editor of the London *Era*, apprising that gentleman of the facts, that he (Mr. B.) has and copyrighted the "Octoroon" for representation in England, that certain parties in New York are endeavoring to sell copies on their own account. He appeals to the respectable managers of theatres in England, and to the press, to oppose such "wanton acts of piracy."

A contemporary sheet, published in Arkansas, on the subject of public performances, objects to the same, on the ground that they are suggestive of laughter—"a thing (it adds) quite unworthy the proper seriousness of a human creature." We are afraid that those who perpetrated this final burst will have cause for regret all the days of his life—especially in view of those minstrel entertainments so popular throughout the Union, and which, more than anything else, are instrumental in keeping us in good humor.

W. F. Hutchinson, the correspondent of a new York paper, (as recorded in our issue of the 5th inst.,) attempted to "black" Mr. John Owens, the actor, now in New Orleans, was brought up on writ of *habeas corpus* last week, and discharged—the judge deciding there was no law in the State of Louisiana to punish the mere meditation of the offence. Probably, the public exposure will do well.

Mrs. Henry Farren has been giving some drawing-room entertainments at the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre, consisting of readings, recitations, and songs.

A case of some interest to the theatrical profession was brought before Justice Wells, of Boston, on the 1st inst. The principal parties are Mr. Barry Sullivan and Mr. William Cowell—the former a well known actor, the latter his agent. It was shown that business transactions between the two commenced in 1858, on the understanding that Mr. Cowell was to receive a fourth of the profits accruing from the engagements he procured for Mr. Sullivan, and that the connection was to continue as long as mutually agreeable. Subsequently, the services of the agent were dispensed with, but as he had previously made an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, for the actor, he claimed compensation on that basis in the suit being for the fourth of $428, the proceeds of Mr. Sullivan's first week at the Howard. The decision of the court was in favor of Mr. Cowell; but an appeal being taken, the case will go up to the superior court, where, it is understood, a suit for a percentage on the second week's salary will also be brought.

THEATRICAL AND SHOW BUSINESS IN CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco, April 4, 1860.—FRIEND FRANK:—After a silence of about six weeks I again offer your readers all the news of interest in the California world of amusement, and, like most self-conceited persons, I shall commence with myself, and the party I belong to, viz:—

Birch & Murphy's Minstrels.—This company, whom I told you I started on a tour through the mines, have returned after six weeks steady traveling through the most severe rain and snow storms that I have ever experienced; but, withal, they have done fairly, having made but little, and but little above regular salaries. They are now performing at Maguire's Opera House, in this city, not so much

expectation of making money, as in the hope of having fair
ther to start out in, in the course of a week or two.
r. Hacket played a farewell engagement at Maguire's to a beg-
account of empty boxes, and will sail for the East to-morrow.
B. Howe and Miss Marion Lee succeeded Mr. Hacket at Ma-
's, and produced the "Hidden Hand," which also failed to draw
moderate houses
e Duran't Hudson Opera Troupe, who were announced to per-
at Maguire's, were compelled to relinquish their engagement
count of the severe indisposition of Miss Hodson.
arry Perry closed a triumphant engagement of fifty nights at
Lyceum last evening, and will appear for the first time in Sacra-
to-morrow night, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Baker and
star company.
s Harriet Gordon has been performing to full houses in Sacra-
to for the past month. She is a favorite, and deservedly so, for
out exception she is the best singing actress that has ever vis-
this State.
r. and Mrs. Stark,—This talented couple are still in the moun-
, with a company, doing well.
he Metropolitan Minstrels, a band of male and female performers
I think, snow bound in Forest City.
rofessor Anderson is traveling in the southern mines, doing well.
arry Courtain took a complimentary benefit in Sacramento, and
ough it rained in torrents, he was complimented by a very fine
e.
Joint Stock Circus Company, consisting of Peoples, Franklin, and
Lathrop, have started for the mines, but if the present weather
but a few days longer, they will have a very fine prospect of
g washed out. Their principal attraction is Miss Long, a very
mplished and graceful equestrienne, and destined to become a
among the saw dust.
he Great Arab Giant, who arrived here on the last steamer
ng John Wilson's collection of wonders, is on exhibition at Tuck-
Academy of Music, and doing well.
ed Bingham, well known as the Gay Lothario, is fast recover-
from his late severe illness, and is once more able to come into
n occasionally.
ohn Wilson, who returned by the last steamer, has brought a
pe that, in my judgment, will be too expensive to make money
his country during the present season; but he is a very shrewd
nager, and may make both ends meet.
ave Long, the Clown, is engaged to travel with the elephants and
es. Well, Dave understands his business, and cannot be excelled
he State.
Mr. Harry Thompson, one of Tom Maguire's importations, has left
guire, and is engaged by Messrs. Holland and Hussey, at their
nlar little snuggery called the Athenæum.
arsh's Juveniles are to appear at the Lyceum this evening, and
his time every seat in the dress circle is engaged.
ilbert's and the Bella Union Melodeons are both in a prosperous
dition.
he Athenæum, having become the property of Messrs. Holland
Hussey, has been opened as a cheap place of amusement for
es and gentlemen; and although they have had up-hill work at
in changing its character, have at last succeeded in inducing
ladies to flock there and cheer them on by their smiling faces.
The Three Fist Men" was in rehearsal by Maguire's Company,
was shelved on account of Miss Gordon declining the principal

e, that is, *Birch & Murphy's Minstrels*, will, in all probability,
Oregon previous to their departure for (silver land) Washoe.
Yours truly, SHERRY CORBYN.

r London correspondent, under date of April 14, sends us the
wing items:—
he theatrical and musical world is quite lively at present, and we
promised novelties in quick succession.....E. T. Smith, lessee
rury Lane, has leased Her Majesty's Theatre, which he opened
he 10th ult., with a long list of first class artists, among whom
iccolomini.....Covent Garden opens on the same evening, with
her Italian Opera Troupe.....At the Drury Lane they are doing
itana with success, by an English troupe. It is rumored that the
e and Harrison Troupe, who closed a very successful season at
ent Garden, are engaged for America, by an American manager.
...At the Haymarket, Buckstone, Compton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
thews, and Chippendale are playing in the "Overland Route" to
rded houses. B. Webster has returned to the Adelphi (from
ich place he has been absent, on a starring tour, for some time),
opened in the "Dead Heart," supported by J. L. Toole, Paul Bed-
, Miss Woolgar, etc. It is reported that the next novelty at this
se will be "Our Female American Cousin," with Miss Julia Daly
the principal character.....''B. B." continues to draw crowded
ouses at the Olympic.....Sir Wm. and Lady Don are playing in
"Doodles," and "Cousin Joe," at the Surrey.....The concert rooms
are doing a fair business. You can see everything in them, from
"Hamlet" down to burnt cork. The roughest representatives of cork
ever saw are the English. There is one very good one, however,
amed Mackney, but his style would not do on our side.....In the
uestrian (or sawdust) line, the news is varied and interesting.
owes and Cushing have dissolved partnership, the former carrying
the business in the original name of the firm. Howes has divided
establishment into two or three smaller concerns, all going by
same name. One is now playing in Ireland under the manage-
ent of Egbert C. Howes, and another will travel over England and
otland this spring and summer. This last intends starting out
arly next week.....Col. Joseph Cushing has purchased, as a private
peculation, the splendid specimen of a hippopotamus now on exhibi-
n at the Zoological Gardens, Kensington. It is a great undertaking
travel this gigantic monster—the finest ever exhibited—and in-
olves the expense of many thousand dollars; but he is confident of
aking it pay. He may pay a visit to America with it towards July
ext.....Thos. McCollum, the late proprietor of the Alhambra Palace,
as brought his season to a close, having during the past year intro-
uced to the London public the best talent in the country, without,
am sorry to say, being fairly remunerated for his trouble. John
yers, the American clown and manager, has established a circus
cuit, and now has three buildings in large cities in the interior of
ngland dedicated to horse opera, in which he plays a few weeks al-
rnately. I received a letter to-day from his agent, dated at Dudley,
aying he was doing well. There will probably be traveling through
e United Kingdom, this summer, six different companies.....Tom
Collom, Hiram Franklin, Mr. Leon, etc., sailed for Cape of Good
ope and Calcutta on Wednesday last.

The "Cosmopolitan Minstrels," as will be seen by an advertise-
ent in this department, are about to start out on a tour through
principal cities and towns of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, etc.
ssrs. Beasley & Smith are the proprietors.

Dan Rice's Show is in Virginia, and show at Fredericksburg on
e 9th and 10th; Richmond, 11th, 12th, and 13th. In the company
Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rice, F. H. Rosston, Frank Drew, F. Jones,
aney, J. Stout, C. T. Monroe, and others.

At Mr. Sherlock's Theatre, Detroit, Mich., a very laughable farce
s been produced, called "Heenan and Sayers; or, Which is Cham-
n?" It made quite a hit.

Kirbye's Varieties opened in Lewiston, Me., on the 31 inst., for
ree nights. Reynolds' Opera Troupe passed through there on the
, to join Goodwin's Great Eastern Menagerie, in Massachusetts.

F. Bailey & Co.'s Circus and Menagerie combined are announced
o give a show on the 16th inst. Niblo & Sloat's Circus was also
orking that way.

In a previous issue we announced the shooting of Wm. Myers, in
emphis, Tenn., by a man named Skinner. Myers has since died of
s injuries, and his remains were interred in Philadelphia, on the
th inst. Myers leaves a wife and two children. Skinner is in pri-
n in Memphis, awaiting his trial. Myers was formerly a member
Wheatley & Clark's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Miss Eva Brent is nightly warbling to delighted crowds at Beller's
oncert Hall, Detroit, in conjunction with the "three graces," Ida,
rah, and Rosa Duval. Miss Louisa Payne and her sister are at
e same Hall.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, have entered on
eir "last few nights," at Ordway Hall, Boston. Although "going"
the present word with this clever troupe, "coming" is that re-
gnized at their box office, in view of the undiminished influx of
itors.

The new burlesque of "The Benicia Boy" was produced at San-
rd's Opera House, Philadelphia, on the 3d inst., and made as pal-
ble a "hit" on the audience as the "Boy" himself made on Tom
yers, in the recent encounter at Farnborough. Every word that
uld be construed into a compliment for our champion was taken
and applauded to the echo.

The Hayti Minstrels are announced for one performance at Associ-
on Hall, Albany, on Tuesday, 8th inst.

Mrs. Macready concludes her series of dramatic readings at Asso-
ation Hall, Albany, on the 8th inst.

Little Cordelia Howard took a farewell benefit at the Gayety, Al-
ny, on the 4th inst., when there was a full attendance. The en-
gement of herself and parents terminated on the 5th.

Mr. Thayer, an old favorite, took a benefit at the Walnut-street
eatre on the 4th inst., which was well attended. Some thirty
ars since, he was considered the best fop on the American stage;
is now supposed to be the best "old man." We are always glad
see these "evergreens" of the profession venerated as they
ould be.

George M. Miles and Alexander Nichols and son leave Philadelphia
is week for Detroit, where they are engaged to appear at Beller's
oncert saloon.

Hernandez, who was formerly a member of Matt. Peel's Minstrels,
t latterly of McDonough's Gaieties, Philadelphia, has taken the
ational Theatre, Philadelphia, for a short summer season, for the
rpose of introducing his pantomimes and ballets. He has with
m quite a number of McDonough's people. The opening perform-
ce was to have been given on the 7th inst.

Max Irwin and M'lle Lamaraux, both recently performing at Mc-
onough's Gaieties, have returned to New York.

Miss Mary Newton is singing in Washington Hall, Baltimore, in
njunction with Clusky, jig dancer, N. Laconta and wife, young
hn Winans, and Charley Parker.

The Young American Opera Troupe is the title of a new organiza-
on in Brooklyn. They are all young amateurs, and gave an enter-
inment on the 30th ult.

Couldoch and daughter concluded a three week's engagement at
e Pittsburgh Theatre on the 5th inst. Dot was played every night
ring the past week, and on the 4th, on the occasion of Mr. Could-
h's complimentary benefit, the attendance was very large. The
gagement of the Couldoch's proved one of the most successful
er performed there. Mrs. Matt. Peel's Minstrels were announced
r the 7th.

Sanford's Minstrels open at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 14th.

Mrs. Foster, who recently opened the Apollo Theatre, Pittsburgh,
engaged at Trimble's Varieties, in that city.

Edwin Booth was to conclude his engagement at the St. Louis
eatre, under the management of Ben DeBar, on the 3d inst.

The present is the last week of the Drayton's at the New Melodeon,
ston. On Saturday, 5th inst., they completed their fifth week
re.

On Monday last, the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" entered
upon its second week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. It is spo-
ken of as being very successful.

Mrs. Waller commenced an engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 7th.

Mrs. Barrow's engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, is announced to close on the 11th inst., when she will take a benefit, and, it is supposed, be aided by a vast amount of professional talent.

The engagement of Mr. James E. Murdock at the Louisville Theatre, was to have terminated on the 5th inst., but he remains for the present week. During his stay, the business has been good. He will be followed by the Ravels. Lester had so far recovered as to make his first appearance since his illness, on the 3d.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION meet at 50 Chatham st., Wednesday evening. E. S. GRAHAM, President. [41 3m*]

A. H. DAVENPORT D. A. meet every Tuesday evening at R. W. Williams's, 404 Broome st. FRANK ROBERTSON, Pres't. [45 3m]

BROUGHAM DRAMATIC UNION meet at N. Y. University, Room 3, 3d floor, each Monday evening. Address Cor. Sec'y, E. H. Sinclair. 46 3m* CHAS. CLARENDON, President.

GEORGE JORDAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION meet Wednesday evenings at Stouben House, 293 Bowery.
2 3m* TOM. KREMORE, President.

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 147 West 18th street. HARRY EAMES, President. 2 3m*

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Brougham Dramatic Union begs to announce the 22d of May, as the date to which its BENEFIT is POSTPONED. 4 1t.

THE JOE JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION performed at the Houston street Bandbox on the 2d inst., the occasion being the club's "First Anniversary Night." The legendary drama of the "Mistletoe Bough," the farce of a "Pleasant Neighbor," and the comedy of "Charles II," constituted the bill of fare. The members gave evidence of improvement, and we have only space to say that we hope they will continue to improve.

BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This old and well conducted society gave a performance at the Bandbox on Wednesday evening, April 25th. The comedy of "London Assurance," and Pilgrim's farce of the "Limerick Boy," was performed. Our space for this week being limited, our young friends, we hope, will bear with us, until—the next time we have the pleasure of seeing them perform, when we may be enabled to give them a lengthened notice.

THE AMATEURS on board the "Old North" gave another creditable "show" on the 27th ult. "The Maid of Croissey," "Love and Stratagem," and "The Rough Diamond" comprising their list of cargo.

THE LACLEDE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of St. Louis, gave their second performance on Monday evening, April 30th, to a very large and respectable audience (a great many ladies being present). The piece selected was the "Lady of Lyons;" Claude Melnotte, Mr. Wilson; Pauline, Miss E. M. Greener; Glavis, Mr. T. A. Ennis, etc.; concluding with the "Golden Farmer." Their next performance will be given on Monday evening, May 14th.

SPORTS ABROAD.

From the London Sporting Life, April 21.

The £50 Match between Young Shaw and Charley Lynch,
FOR THE
CHAMPIONSHIP OF FEATHER WEIGHTS.

This battle, which took place on Wednesday last, and which had created considerable interest amongst the sporting classes of the metropolis, had been originally fixed to come off in the same ring as Sayers and Heenan's.

Lynch, like Heenan, is of Irish extraction, but was born in New York, in 1836. Height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 112 lbs. Beat Andy Kelly, $150 aside, 105 minutes, 86 rounds, at the Palisades, North River, America. Fatal to Kelly. Lynch had to leave for England, and soon after his arrival there, he was matched against, and beaten by Simon Finighty, [foul blow], £15 aside, 168 minutes, 95 rounds, Oct. 27, 1857. Beat Harrington, £25 aside, 77 minutes, 58 rounds, June 16, 1858. Beat Sullivan, £30 to £25, 48 minutes, 29 rounds, Aug. 17, 1858. Beaten by Dan Thomas, £60 aside, 100 minutes, 56 rounds, Jan. 25, 1859. Beat Finighty, £100, 100 minutes, 42 rounds, Aug. 2, 1859. Matched to fight Shaw, April, 1860.

On the day appointed Lynch went to scale at George Brown's, and weighed 7st 9lbs, the lowest impost he has ever fought at. He was seconded by Harry Brunton and Kit Burns, of New York. He had been in training at Wanstead, where he had been on five different occasions of match-making, up to within a fortnight, when he changed his *ennui*, by permission, to North Woolwich Gardens.

Shaw was born on the 9th of September, 1841, and has never before entered the ring. For this event he had been trained at a well-known sportsman's house at Wednesbury, Staffordshire, by Johnny Lawrence, an American; and Dick Lewis watched over his interest for the final week.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. After a good deal of sparring, from which no mischief emanated, Lynch, in a determined manner, landed the right on the body, and they proceeded to close, when Shaw, who was all activity, slipped down.

2. Shaw, full of vigor and play, and with length of reach in his favor, dashed boldly out with his right on the mark. In-fighting immediately commenced, and, in the close, Shaw was down.

3. Lynch still played with his right, and invested on the chin of his opponent; then gave him a rib-bender, which resounded all over the ring; and both fibbed in right earnest until the Englishman was down by a trip on the grass.

4. In this bout, which was almost one of a moment's duration, Shaw drew the first blood with his left from the mouth piece of Lynch, after they had had a bustling tussle at the ropes. (First blood for Shaw.)

5. No sooner were they up to the scratch than they were at business. Rapid exchanges ensued, and the combatant pair made their point towards the ropes, when, after a severe struggle, Lynch was undermost.

6. Counter-hitting in a beautiful form on both sides. Shaw planted his left on the nasal promontory, and it was an ugly hit for the American. Nothing daunted, the American struck out right and left, caught Willey napping once or twice, but got a fearful retaliation, as Shaw's left dropped on the nose once more, and the crimson fluid began to flow freely. Shaw, with the indomitable courage of his namesake, the Lifeguardsman, who fell so bravely in his victorious attack upon three Frenchmen at Waterloo, advanced eagerly to the front rank, and delivered on Lynch's left peeper with such stunning force that the American somewhat recoiled at the blow and fell.

7. Lynch, after a few exchanges, tried the wrestling process, and then he gained a clear advantage over his opponent, for Shaw was bested and thrown.

8. Charley once more essayed his right, and it was "home, sweet home," in his opinion, for the hero of Red Lion Market. Shaw, however, was determined not to stand to be shot at, and rushed to his man and closed, the result of which was that Lynch was undermost.

9. Shaw was evidently determined to do business, and let fly right and left with such severity that surprised all his friends, and caused George Brown to say, "We've brought a rare novice for you to-day." They rushed to the ropes, and both fell outside.

10. Lynch made his right on the body, but seemed wild in his attitude as compared with the line of tactics he had undertaken at Finighty's fight. Shaw broke through his guard, and invested heavily on the kissing trap with his right, and more of the ruby followed. He followed up his advantage, and struck in one on Charley's right peeper. In the close, however, Lynch had the best of the fall.

11. Still Lynch kept fighting at the body, and cleared his way once or twice with the intended effect, but Shaw was as active and lively as ever, and busied himself in dotting the right daylight of the American. When carried to his corner, we perceived he was slightly cut over that orbit. Both went down at the finish.

12. No sooner up than Shaw planted his right on the snorter, and the red tide began to flow freely. Lynch rushed to in-fighting, got the clutch, and Shaw's head was in chancery for a moment or two, when after a little fibbing of no import, Shaw had decidedly the best of it and threw him.

13. Some good ding dong exchanges on both sides, until both fell, Shaw missing an upper cut with the right, which fully convinced us that he could use both hands in a free and clever manner.

14. The men seemed determined for indoor work, and when they closed together, one bustled the other to the ropes, where Lynch gave Shaw such a terrific right-hand blow that brought the blood into his left ear. Shaw was uppermost in the fall.

15. Shaw delivered with precision on the conk, by means of his dexter bunch of fives, and he thus kept up a copious supply of claret. In point of fact, it became quite perceptible that the recognised Champion of the Feather Weights had got a young, agile, and plucky customer against him.

16. Very short. Counter hitting occurred with no damage on either side, and both slipped down sideways.

17. Shaw, on coming up from his second's knee, exclaimed in a tone of great confidence, "Oh, I've never been hit, yet," and began the busy-bee business again with both mawleys. After Lynch had responded, with a decided lack of interest, to these proceedings, he was undermost in the fall.

18. Lynch came up bleeding from the ivory case, and had no sooner effected a right-handed compliment on the ribs than he tripped up and fell, as on the retreat.

19. This round was also exceedingly short. The desire of the combatants appeared to be to get at the ropes as speedily as possible. While so engaged, Shaw was compelled to extricate himself by forcing his hand over the right peeper of Lynch, and a cry of "foul" was raised directly, in consequence of the alleged gouging, being (very properly) contrary to the rules of the Prize Ring. Shaw had certainly all the best of it, and Lynch was grassed.

20. It was impossible for any one to give a preference for Lynch at this period of the battle; inasmuch as odds were frequently offered on Shaw, and there was not the slightest response to the proposition put forth by numberless admirers of the Red Lion Market Pet. Again they got to the ropes, where both alternately hung on the other, and, after some sharp fibbing, both came down together, Charley not being the darling this time.

21. Lynch was evidently nettled at the hasty and unprepared advances of his youthful and most promising opponent, and they each sparred for a moment before the heavy business of the round commenced. Lynch's left struck home on the jowl, but left no visible mark of punishment. On the other hand, Billy delivered with both right and left duke, and likewise missed a viciously intended compliment in the shape of an upper cut. Lynch fell backwards, and £20 to £16 was freely offered on Billy by Mr. Rowley, one of Shaw's backers.

22. Lynch's left eye was somewhat flushed, and his nose and mouth also appeared to be a little swollen. As to his more youthful antagonist he had not a mark and was dancing about with as much glee as if he were in the midst of The Jolly Trumps upon a meeting night. Still he never neglected being there, and dashed in one-two until Lynch failed to return with anything like effect, and both fell together in the close.

23. Almost immediately after they met at the scratch, a busy move was made by both to the ropes, where Billy had his man to an advantage, and began fibbing away right merrily, when the stopper was put on by Charley holding Shaw's fingers so tightly as to prevent the use of them. In the close Shaw had the best of it.

24. Shaw began the round by dashing right and left at his man, who appeared as confounded as possible by the vigorous and really clever tactics of the youngster, who ought to be well-regarded for this gladiatorial display of his fistic powers. The effect of all this "copping" was that Lynch bled very much from both nose and mouth.

25. Scarcely lasted a moment. After an exchange of blows, a wrestle took place for the fall, and as Shaw was unaccustomed to it, he suffered.

26. Any odds were now offered on Shaw. He delivered his left, and so manœuvred that he got his adversary's head into chancery while close to the middle ropes, and contrived also to damage the nasal organ till it bled again freely. Shaw had all the best of it.

27. Shaw first up to time, and went into Lynch's own corner to fight him. Charley was caught unawares, and one of Shaw's dangerous upper-cuts, which he seemed very apt to make on many occasions throughout the fight, dropped Master Charley to the ground.

28. Shaw played prettily with both hands, and his friends were in ecstacies at his *entree* into the ring. His use of his digits—both right and left—caused universal admiration, and showed that he had been brought up in an experienced school. Both hands were continually on the work, and all Lynch could do in the way of retaliation was to prop his adversary with a body blow or two; and then fall in the close.

29. A close, almost as soon as they met, and at the corner near the referee, Lynch had his hands so suspiciously in the face of the other lad that another cry of "gouging" was raised, but the referee ordered the men to fight on.

30. The first blow struck was by Lynch, who got well home with the right on Shaw's left peeper, but only a slight scratch, as it were, was perceptible from the blow. Both were down in the close.

31. Determined to stand no nonsense, Shaw was advised by his friends to go in and finish off. In pursuance of instructions, he warded off one of Lynch's right-handers, which must have told sad tales if properly landed; and then with a sharp, quick hit, straight from the shoulder, he knocked Lynch clean off his pins with the right fork. [First knock down blow for Shaw.] Fifty minutes had now elapsed.

32 to 37. These rounds were all remarkably short, and were of a strictly similar nature. No sooner were the men up than their object seemed to be to get to the ropes, and in every successive struggle at that point, Shaw certainly had the advantage. As the lads were advancing for the thirty-eighth round the police made their unwelcome appearance, and the fight was stopped. The water was again resorted to, but after a sail in very stormy water farther up the river, the blues were plainly perceived "following in our lee," and the Essex shore was made prior to a departure for town.

THE RENEWED FIGHT.

THE CHAMPION OF THE FEATHER WEIGHTS DEFEATED.

The referee having selected Friday for a renewal of the battle, the men and their partisans mustered strongly at an early hour in the morning, at a well-known railway station, and a very favorable locality was chosen in order to bring the affair to a satisfactory conclusion. The seconds were by no means the same as those who officiated on the preceding day, but we were not correctly informed of their names. The betting was 2 to 1 on Shaw, in consequence of his surprising performance on the day previous. Willy himself offered to back himself at £10 to £5, but no bet was made. The men entered the ring, which was "fixed" a long way from the railway terminus, at ten minutes to nine o'clock.

THE SECOND BATTLE.

Round 1. Lynch opened the ball by delivering his left on the chin, but Shaw was at home instanter with his left on the ribs. They speedily got to in-fighting, when Bill planted a heavy investment on Lynch's mouth, and it bled, although but slightly. In the close, Charley obtained the throw.

2. Both appeared stiff in action, in consequence of their performance of the previous day. Lynch made his right on the ribs, and followed up his advantage by planting another right-hander, on the left ear. It was a cracking hit, and the listener immediately began to swell. Shaw had his retaliation, for he gave his adversary the upper-cut very adroitly, with the right, on the nose, which began to bleed freely. Lynch was down in the close.

3. Very short, both fighting somewhat wildly, and neither of them showing the true form of Wednesday. The men, after a few exchanges, closed, and both were down.

4. Lynch led with his left, but it was neatly stopped. Shaw wishing to insinuate himself into the good graces of the other, dashed out right and left in the mug, and Lynch fell with his face marked with blood.

5. All in favor of Shaw, whose patrons were all in the ascendant. He certainly received one on the left ear, which whistled again, but he dashed in with both right and left. Lynch had the best of the throw.

6. Still Shaw would be busy as a bee in summer time, and planted his right and left on the dial, and much increased the swelling of Lynch's nose and mouth. A rush to the ropes, when Shaw fibbed away merrily until the crimson tide began to run, and the American fell.

7. The men no sooner met than they began business. Both countered well, and then got to in-fighting, when young Shaw was uppermost.

8. They had scarcely met, when both rushed forward, and waited to secure the hug. Some ding dong deliveries followed until Lynch fell.

9. Lynch shot out his right on the body, but Billy darted his left on the mouth-piece, and the same bled freely. In-fighting to a close, when Lynch fell.

10. Scarcely had they scratched, when Shaw broke through his opponent's guard, and nobbed him in a very effective style. Charley bore up bravely under all these difficulties, and his right hand seemed to swell a little, and prevent him having so great a force as he might have had in his deliveries. In the close both were down sideways.

11. Charley obtained the hug, and proved himself the strongest in the fall.

12. Shaw was up first, and stabbed his man with his left on the kissing trap, when they closed, and both fell.

13. Lynch shot out his right on Shaw's right cheek. Shaw burst in with his right on the mark, and then clasping his opponent's head with his right, he commenced fibbing away, until Charley browned to it, and fell to grass.

14. A speedy rush to the ropes on the part of Lynch, who relied upon his wrestling powers to reduce the strength of his opponent. Here there was a rare tussle for superiority, and the bout terminated in both tumbling to the ground.

15. Lynch delivered heavily on the mouth, and then got his left on Shaw's right peeper, which glistened again. Billy looked bothered for the time being, but regained his confidence as his seconds tendered good advice, and propped the American twice in the countenance. Lynch, however, traveled on in his usual rushing, hasty form, until both were aground.

16. Shaw's right optic was clearly obscured and discolored, and under his left was a slight scratch, which was attributed to Charley's having used his finger nails unduly. Counter hitting, which brought forth the claret from the mouths of the boxers, and they struggled to the cords, and went to grass.

17. Shaw landed his right on Lynch's left daylight, and it was gradually contracting. The former member of the P. R. threw out his left, which dropped upon the proboscis, and the same bled profusely. In-fighting to a close, when Lynch was undermost.

18. Ding-dong exchanges, which told rapidly upon the appearance of the combatants, but more particularly so Lynch, whose forehead was swelling—his left eye, nose and mouth ditto. He stuck gamely to his task, however, and pasted his man with his left mawley. The consequence was that Shaw was driven back with great force, and he fell backwards.

19. Very short, as Shaw sparred for wind and fell while on the retreat to avoid his antagonist's rushing propensity.

20. Lynch cheered up the hearts of his partisans by a display of strength and power which was essentially interesting. He led off with the left, in a straight off handed manner, and made it on the jowl, and the body likewise; at the same time he commenced to struggle to the ropes, tried the hug, and Charley fell to the earth.

21. Shaw got the Yankee's head in chancery, and fibbed away until Lynch got down, but not before putting his hands so suspiciously upon Shaw's face as to excite suspicion of gouging, and the referee cautioned him as to the same.

22. Shaw had it all his own way, and planted on his adversary with terrific severity with both mawleys until the blood spun forth gushingly. 30*l.* to 10*l.* was freely offered, but there were no takers.

23. Lynch fell in this round, after one exchange of blows, from sheer exhaustion, and his left organ of vision was as nearly up as possible. His right fork was fast beginning to assume that puffy appearance which betokened its having "gone." He was jobbed fearfully in the mousetrap and fell backwards.

24. Shaw again dashed in rapidly on the conk and the old sore underneath the left ogle. He repeated this twice over in spite of all that Lynch could do to stop him. The pair finished by closing and fell sideways.

25. Shaw came up readily, and taking his sure aim, with a straight one from the shoulder, landed it on the nasal organ, and floored his man like a shot.

26. This was one of the most exciting rounds of the fight. Shaw's left visited the *os frontis* with stunning effect, while the counter-hitting which followed was of the most clever and determined character. It was, in fact, punch for punch for nearly six minutes, when they closed, and both fell together, Lynch undermost.

From this round to the sixty-first bout the fighting was all of the same description of character. They were exceedingly short. Lynch's right hand was quite gone, his left eye was nearly up, his smeller swollen, his lips cut, and left jowl severely grazed through falling against the middle stake in one of the closes. He did the "rush" every round, and fought strongly, yet wildly, until all chance of success was gone. Shaw met him like a game and gallant adversary as he is, at all points—with both right hand and left—and he put in the upper-cuts repeatedly with the air of an experienced general. His investments, in nine cases out of ten, told fearfully upon his opponent, and he is one of the most promising fistic youths we have noticed for some time past. His demeanor in the ring is such as will gratify the higher patrons of the noble art of self-defence, being devoid of all that vulgar and low flashiness which disgraces several minor boxers of the present day. He had his right daylight in complete mourning, a slight abrasure of the skin beneath the left peeper, and his left ear much distended. As to body blows, the effects were more felt, we think, than they were outwardly visible, for Lynch's indomitable courage caused an outlay in that quarter which would have licked many a less game fellow than Shaw. In the sixty-first round, and after the lads had been boxing for one hour and three quarters, the sponge was thrown up in token of defeat, on behalf of Lynch, and amid the enthusiastic applause of his numerous party, young Shaw—who, we earnestly trust will take special care of himself, and then he is sure to prove a phenomenon—was proclaimed the winner. Lynch fought very gamely, indeed, but found out at last the truth of the old adage, that youth must be served, added to the fact that he had got before him a practitioner in an excellent school, and one who knows how to fight with both hands in the most clever and determined style possible. We hope a good benefit will be got up for both parties, as they so fully and honorably deserve it.

CRICKET.

QUEEN'S CO. VS. EAST NEW YORK.—A very interesting contest took place on the grounds of the East New York club, on Saturday, the 5th inst., the occasion being the first match between the above clubs, it also being the maiden match of the former club. Although the Queen's Co. eleven were defeated, they nevertheless acquitted themselves very creditably throughout, and in several individual instances gave evidence of their possessing the requisite material of a good club. As some of their players were mere amateurs, several of the most prominent members of the East New York club were barred, among whom were Messrs. Cuyp, Dr. Andrews, North, Henderson, Stokes, and Beach, but the latter, not being aware of the fact, came on the ground in readiness to play and as he is a very enthusiastic cricketer the Queens Co. gentlemen consented to his taking the place of one of the appointed eleven, who was unavoidably absent, the East New Yorkers, as an offset to this concession, allowing their opponents to play Hampshire, the professional of the Broadway Cricket Court, but he being a swift round arm bowler, his bowling was barred; but for this, the result might have been different. A noticeable feature of this contest was the very friendly and kindly feelings that were evinced by both parties during the match, and in this respect they especially showed themselves as being true cricketers. That acrimonious spirit, resulting from the too general desire to win at all hazards, provided the mere letter of the law is adhered to, has been gradually creeping into cricket matches, alike to the detriment of the best interests of the game, and the entire prevention of all pleasure in the contests that are marked by it. Cricket is a game designed for the *recreation* of all classes and conditions of men, and is eminently a *social* game, and one in which the amenities of social life are of vital importance to its existence. We comment thus on this subject, as it is one whose importance should be realized in every forthcoming contest, and as the above is the first of the season, and one so creditably marked by the commendable features we have alluded to, we have availed ourselves of the opportunity to call attention to the subject.

The play on both sides was very good for so early a period of the season, both elevens showing instances of good batting and fair fielding, but the East New Yorkers had the advantage as far as bowling was concerned, as they had opposed to them but one round arm bowler, whose high delivery—injudiciously permitted by the umpires—precluded any of the advantages derived from the beauty of length and bias, imparted to the ball, in a fair and straight arm delivery; and to offset this, they had two good round-arm bowlers in Bedford and Hoagland, and a very fast under hand bowler, Shaw, besides a slow bowler in the person of Beach, who, by the by, bowls a very swift under-hand ball, which he would find far more effective against ordinary players than his slow style. Shaw would also meet with more success if he were to keep to one style of bowling, and not change alternately from round arm to under hand.

Of Hoagland—a young American bowler—we must say, that we have seldom seen a player of such promise in this important department of the game, than he is. He has evidently been, thus far, judiciously trained. He aims at *accuracy* more than *speed*, at beauty of length and the imparting of an effective bias to the ball, rather than to that senseless endeavor to frighten a batsman by throwing a ball at him, under the disguise of bowling. If the visit of the English players amongst us has done nothing else, it has led our cricketers to perceive the advantages of medium-paced bowling with its accompanying accuracy of aim, over that of swift bowling merely.

In batting we have specially to remark on the display made, on the part of East New York, by Beach, whose score of twenty consisted of two fours—a fine leg hit, and a splendid cut to point along the ground—four twos, and singles; Hoar, who made the highest single and total score of the match, adding 22 to the score in the first innings, by some capital hits to leg; and Hoagland, and Shaw, who both batted well, hitting with freedom and effect.

Of the wicket keeping—the next position in importance to that of the bowler—we cannot speak as showing any degree of excellence; we have previously seen the same player do far better. C. Walden kept wicket for a few overs, and very creditably too, and thereby hangs a tale. Warde in keeping wicket to Shaw's fast bowling, was desirous, apparently, of getting a practical illustration of the effect of Sayers' blows on Heenan's left eye, and so he allowed a very swift ball from Shaw to hit it. The result being satisfactory, he retired to reflect on the nature of eye-closers in general, giving place to C. Walden, whom it appears had some curiosity in reference to Heenan's terrific hits on the nose and mouth of Sayers, for Walden stopped one of Shaw's swift balls with his proboscis, and was thereby practically made acquainted with the nature of a "nice un on the snuff box," which tapped a bottle of claret.

These instances were the only interruptions that occurred, to a day's enjoyment to all parties concerned. The players sat down to a splendid dinner at the Howard House, provided by Col. Reid. We forgot to mention that the Queen's County eleven were ably directed in the field by Hampshire, as well as materially assisted in the score by a beautiful catch, and the good stand he made at the wicket in the 2d innings. Young Suydam, also, merits favorable notice for his good batting, and fair long stopping. In the latter respect Davies played very effectively, but not stylishly, for the East New Yorkers. The next match we understand will be that between the East New York and the Long Island Club, to take place sometime this month. The following is the score of the game played on Saturday:

EAST NEW YORK.

First Innings		Second Innings.	
Van Sicln c Gale b Hurst	10	c and b Hurst	1
Beach c Gale b Hurst	3	b Hurst	20
Shaw c Hampshire b Gale	8	b Hurst	7
Bedford b Gale	4	run out	6
Wardle b Hurst	0	run out	9
Warden run out	0	not out	7
Hoagland run out	3	b Hurst	14
Aylmer b Hurst	5	run out	10
J Davies b Hurst	2	run out	6
Hoar not out	22	b Hurst, sen	8
Furman c Suydam b Hurst	1	b Hurst, sen	0
Byes 6, leg byes 2, wides 3	11	Byes 6, leg byes 2, wides 9	17
Total	69	Total	103

QUEENS COUNTY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Gale st Wardle b Hoagland	9	b Shaw	1
Hall b Hoagland	4	run out	1
Suydam b Shaw	0	b Hoagland	16
Hampshire b Hoagland	1	c Walden b Hoagland	18
Ayres b Bedford	0	c Bedford b Shaw	15
Hurst c Hoagland b Bedford	3	b Hoagland	11
Seabury c Bedford b Hoagland	1	b Shaw	0
Vaughn c Beach b Bedford	0	b Shaw	1
Dare, sen, b Hoagland	5	b Shaw	1
Dare, jun, c and b Hoagland	6	not out	1
Hadkins not out	0	b Shaw	0
Byes 4, leg bye 1, wides 5	10	Byes 6, leg byes 2, wides 4	12
Total	39	Total	77

Umpires, for East New York, Mr. Sams; for Queens Co., Mr. Cuyp.
Scorers, for East New York, Mr. Bishop; for Queens Co., Dr. Andrews.

THE MARY LE BONE Cricket Club, of Philadelphia, was defeated by the second eleven of the Episcopal Academy Club, on the grounds of Prof. Saunders, on the 28th ult., by 60 runs. The Mary-le-bonians scoring but 29 in both innings, to their opponents' 89.

THE WATERVLIET CRICKET CLUB, of West Troy, N. Y., one of our last year's organizations, but now numbering near forty members, met on the 27th ult., and elected the following named gentlemen to office: President, B. W. Knower; Vice President, S. J. Whitehead; Secretary, A. McLean; Treasurer, M. Cushman; Match Committee, Messrs. Whitehead, Anderson and Turner. Ground Committee, Messrs. Gillespie, Kirker, and Schuyler.

THE AMESBURY AND SALISBURY CRICKET CLUB, of Massachusetts, has deputed the conduct of its affairs to the officership here appended. President, J. S. Barrie; Vice President, C. Bowman; Secretary, W. B. Barnes; Treasurer, J. H. Smith; General Committee, Messrs. McDonnell, Broadbent and Barrie.

THE SOUTHWARK CRICKET CLUB, of Philadelphia, is replied to by the President of the Mechanics Cricket Club of Wilmington, Del.—Ralph Rigby, Esq.—who says that their challenge is accepted, and arrangements for a match can be entered into, by addressing him, at No. 303, Seventh street, between Walnut and Poplar streets, Wilmington, Delaware.

IS THERE A CRICKET CLUB in Memphis, Tennessee; who are its officers, and where can they be found? are three pungent questions put

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS,

Selected and Compiled Expressly for the New York Clipper.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BILLIARD MATCH.—This affair, which had been on the *tapis* so long, and had attracted so large an amount of interest, came off in St. Martin's Hall, London, on the 31st March, upon a new and magnificent table, manufactured expressly for the occasion. The champions selected for Oxford were Messrs. Blair and Taylor; those for Cambridge, Messrs. Ward and Cox. On the part of the latter, Mr. Ward led off at 3:30, and before leaving the balls, had made 13; when Taylor took the cue, and made 3. The two others, in their turn, went on, and the game progressed evenly, Ward made 17, and Taylor 25, and they went on until they stood respectively 90 and 91. Ward then made a good five, continued his luck, and did not leave off until he had made it up for the Cams 161—thus leaving the Oxonians at 91. The next hundred was very even up to 70 all. Ward made a good 4, and scored 187; while the Oxford count was 190. Cambridge scored next 100; being 201 to 190. Cox then made 20, making the game at the time, Cambridge 272 to 276. Ward made a fine slick hazard and carom, and the game came up to 288 all. He then made a skilful twist, and from thence gained 300 to 285. From this time, the game progressed to the Cantabs, being 409 to 347. After some good play by Mr. Ward, making 26 off the balls, 500 was also gained by the Cantabs. During this 100, Blair scored 41, and Taylor 25.—Game: Cambridge, 402, Oxford, 476. From this, the play was very even, up to 567 all. Another "century" was scored by Cambridge; being 601 to 594. Cox then made a fine 30; this 100 was hotly contested to 666 all. Mr. Cox then went away with a neat 18, and a fine carom after, with its results, made 699. Mr. Ward finished this match, by a four stroke, making 703 to Oxford's 666; thus winning by 34 points, in 4 hours and 23 minutes. When the single match commenced, the hall was so thronged that extra ventilation was resorted to as an imperative necessity. This began at 8:45, to play 500 up, single hundreds—Mr. Ward for Cambridge, Mr. Blair for Oxford. After a miss each, Ward led off with a 13. Both played pretty evenly, Mr. Blair gaining 100 to 77, continued his lead to 151, when Ward, improving his game, caught him at 158 all. The second 100 was also won by Blair—201 to 193. After this, Mr. Blair increased his lead by some good play to 300, while Ward was 250. Blair then played a very open game, and made nearly all he played for, getting 400 to 344. The game so continued to the end, all in favor of Blair, who eventually won by 79 points, being 500 to Ward's 421.]

DEATH OF A PATRON OF THE RING.—The death of the Earl of Longford, on the 27th of March, in the forty-third year of his age, is reported. The deceased noble had long been a patron in the truest sense of the word of those national sports, in behalf of whose restoration so formidable an endeavor is now being made in Great Britain. At once, the pupil and the patron of Jem Byrne, he had aided by his purse many an encounter in the P. R., and sanctioned it with his presence also. In 1842, on the arrival in England of Charles Freeman, the "American Giant," he, acting under the counsel of Jem Byrne, took the "Tipton Slasher" in hand, matching him against the "big" man from the western side of the Atlantic. The battle between these two men ultimately came off, and was decided in favor of Freeman—the "Slasher" having gone down without a blow. In 1856, Lord Longford was present at the fight between Poulson and Tom Sayers, where, it is reported he was witness to some proceedings that were suggestive of the deteriorated condition of pugilism, as a recognised science. He had actively backed Poulson, and never again was present at a prize encounter; although, to his latest day, he was the firm friend of the pugilists, and altogether a man whose purse was always opened for the help of the distressed. At such a time, the death of such a man is justly deplored in the place where he was most known.

WALKING MATCH OF FOURTEEN MILES.—This match, between Hotine and Newman, two well known knights of the turf, came off on the 24 ult., at Hackney Wick, near London, for £25 a side. According to proviso, Hotine was allowed half a minute start. After he had taken it, his rival shot off at a good pace, which soon narrowed the intervening distance—so that before one mile and a half had been counted, he was close in the rear of his man, and a short time afterwards, spite all the efforts of Hotine, got clear ahead of him. Hotine then put on an extra spirt; and to good avail once more, having the front. The respective positions of the two men were maintained up to the conclusion of the sixth mile; when Newman, putting forth all his power, got first once more. From this period of the match, up to the 62d lap, the competitors struggled for supremacy in the most gallant style. So equally were they balanced, that no decided advantage was obtained—the lead having alternated between them. Afterwards, however, the superior strength of Hotine began to prevail; and as they went ploughing along, he took the lead again. It soon became obvious that Newman had no chance, as he complained of being lame. Although in "difficulties," he continued the hopeless struggle until the termination of the eleventh mile, when he pulled up and resigned. When Hotine saw how matters stood; he walked over the remainder of the distance at leisure—completing the fourteen miles in 2 hs. 2ms. 6scs. The first seven miles were done in 1 hour 1 minute.

THE RECENT ASSAULT ON TOM PADDOCK.—On the 31 ult., Thomas Spencer, *alias* "Captain Smith," was indicted at the Old Bailey, London, for assaulting Tom Paddock, the well-known pugilist. The details of this attack will be fresh in the memory of our readers. The accused entered the Cambrian Stores, in Castle Street, Leicester Square, kept by Nat Langham, and there met Paddock, who accused him of some dishonesty in money transactions. Words then ensued, and the prisoner, deliberately taking out a knife, inflicted several dangerous wounds on Tom. Spencer pleaded guilty to the charge of cutting and maiming, but not guilty to that of intentional murder, which had furnished the second count of the indictment. The sentence passed on him was nine months' imprisonment, with hard labor, and in very unequivocal terms, the Recorder stated that should he ever be brought before him again on a similar charge, his punishment would be much more severe.

JOHNNY LAWRENCE.—At last accounts, Johnny was at the "Horse and Jockey," Wednesbury, Eng. It will be remembered that he was the trainer of Morrissey. It is stated in a London paper, that he is now doing the "useful" in the same line to Young Shaw, who is matched to fight the young American, Lynch.

WRESTLING IN THE LANCASHIRE STYLE.—On the 9th, there was a great gathering at Ashton, in the above county, to witness a match between William Acton and John Shaw, to wrestle the best of three back falls, catch as catch can, for £15 a side; neither man to exceed 9 stone weight; all foul acts excluded. Acton soon began to show superior points to his opponent, and sent him down in fifty seconds. After resting the allowed time, they re-commenced hostilities; but Acton was again successful—throwing his man in ten minutes, and so winning the match.

A NOVEL MATCH.—At Copenhagen Grounds, near Manchester, on the 7th ult., J. Turner agreed to find a man to compete against some party found by G. Rabb—both parties to stand on one leg, and the person kicking the highest to win the match, which was for the sum of £25 a side—three kicks behind to lose. The men appearing as contestants in this match, were B. Taylor, aged 72, and James Cabtree, aged 30. The latter was the winner, by kicking a hat secured under the stand, seven feet one inch high. Taylor made three unsuccessful attempts.

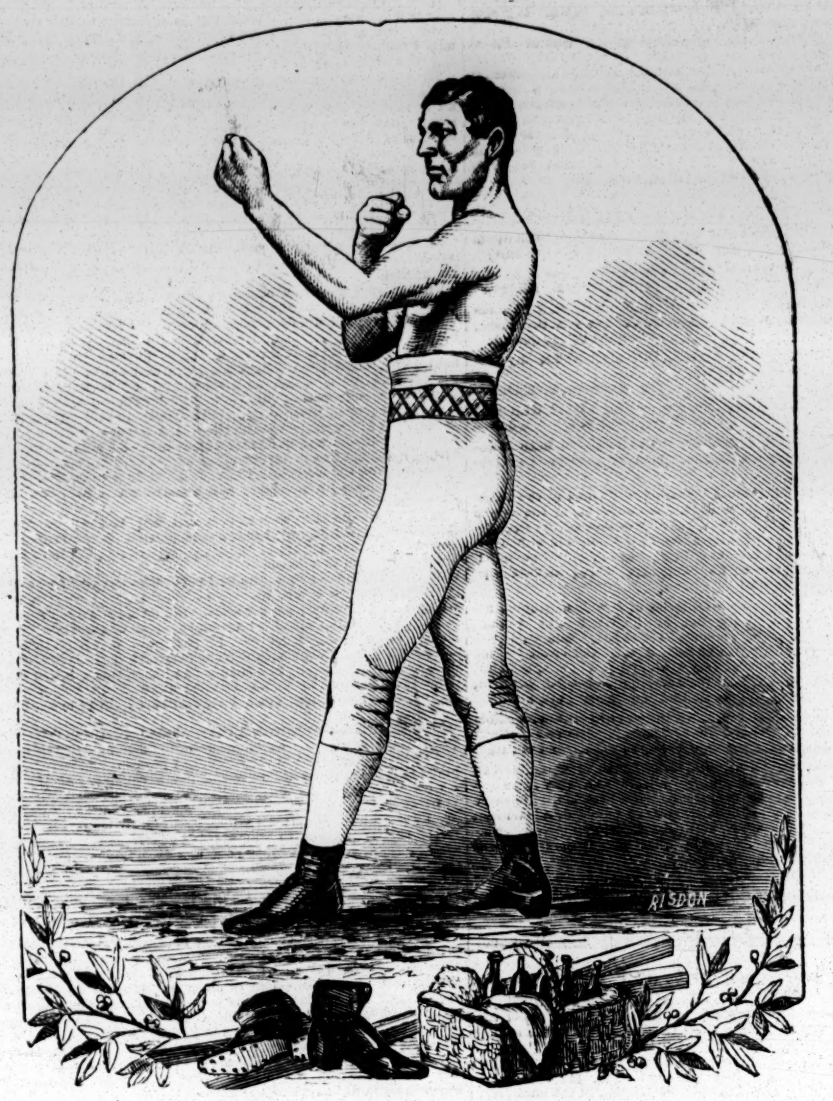
A TROTTING CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—A Mr. C. Bastien, of London, had declared his willingness to make a match to trot any horse, mare, or gelding in the world, (British breed) with the exception of Daw; distance three to five miles on any fair turnpike road, catch weight, for not less than £200 or more than £1,000 a side. Pursuant to this challenge, he has deposited £50 in the hands of the stakeholder (editor of *Bell's Life*), on the condition that he appoints the referee and selects the ground; the match to come off within two months of the time of the first deposit.

SALE OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S STATE BARGE.—This, the last remnant of municipal pomp and of majesty assumed in little, was sold at auction on the 5th ult, and ultimately knocked down to a gentleman of Kingston, Middlesex, at £105. The barge was built by the late Mr. E. Searle, at his yard in Lambeth, at a cost of £2,000, and was launched on the 9th of June, 1807, ever since which it has been the occasional wonder of the London children and other admirers of tawdry finery.

A GRAND DISPLAY AT WRESTLING.—Several bouts at this ancient pastime came off at Hornsey Wood House, on the 6th ult., for a silver cup and other prizes. Everything conspired to give spirit to the affair—the weather being fine and the attendance of visiters very numerous. The competitors were divided into two classes—heavy weights and light. After the allotted rounds between these respectively, the prizes were awarded to John Mason, George Mason, John Smith, Thomas Robinson, Mat Robinson, and —— Logan. To the first two, who represented the light weights, a gold and silver watch were separately presented; to the others (heavy weights) a gold watch, a silver watch, and two silver snuff boxes. Throughout, the play was considered as first rate (being in the Cumberland and Westmoreland style), the stipulations for final supremacy being the best two falls out of three.

ROUGH WORK AMONG THE "FANCY."—From the statement of Mr. John Lister, corroborated by Mr. Charles Worsley, and written at Patterson, N. J., under date of the 27th ult., it would seem that rather a wild scene was enacted at No. 22 White street, in this city, on the previous 9th, the occasion being a fight for $400 a side, between Mr. Lester's dog "Paddy," and Mr. Jenning's dog "Towser." At the commencement, we are informed that the "roughs" were in attendance, and after knocking down the ticket taker, rushed past him on the "dead head" principle. For this the proprietor is blamed, also, for the manner in which the battle was conducted—all the fouls being on the side of "Towser," which animal, it is added, was picked up without a "turn." An appeal being made to the judges, one of them, we learn, allowed it, but the other said he knew nothing about it—the referee insisting that no "turn" had been had, and consequently, that "Paddy" won the battle. No sooner, however had this declaration been heard, than down came about one hundred of the other side, who after securing the referee, took him into another room and fastened him in. Jennings, it further appears, said that Mr. Lister had taken his dog out of the pit without "tasting." This the latter does not deny, because he was forced out by Jennings' followers, and Jennings himself never required to "taste" the dog until he had been out of the pit five or ten minutes. We have been inlaced to publish Mr. Lister's statement, backed as it is by his own assurance of its entire truth, and the corroboration of a second person. We have but one aim in doing so—fair play to all parties.

SHOOTING MATCHES.—On the 19th ult., a match at trap shooting at single birds (fifty on a side) came off on Old Queen City Course, Cincinnati, stakes $100 a side. Messrs. Charles Brown and Jarvis Spencer were the contestants, and killed respectively forty and thirty-nine birds. On the 26th ult., the same parties met in the same place, to shoot at thirty birds each, also for $100 a side. Of this number, Brown killed twenty four, Spencer the same. The tie was not shot off.



TOM PADDOCK—ONE OF SAYERS' COMPETITORS.

Born in 1824—*Height*, 5 *feet* 10½ *inches*—*Weight*, 168 *lbs.*

HINTS TO TRAINERS.—Philadelphia, May, 1860.—EDITOR CLIPPER:—I have just perused an interesting article in your late issue (THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP CLIPPER) entitled "Training," which, from its sound doctrine, I infer that the benefits to be derived from two or three weeks moderate training by a person whose constitution is able to bear it, must be truly great. Now I wish to know if it is necessary for a person to have in contemplation the idea of becoming a pugilist in order to be placed in a position for receiving the care and necessary attention from an experienced trainer. [No.—ED.] Are there not some, either in the vicinity of this, or your own city, who make it their business to conduct a well regulated training establishment? In my mind, I can fancy nothing that would be a better paying affair than such an establishment, judiciously conducted. If I knew where to find a place, where all the requisite attentions are shown to one desirous of completely renovating his entire system, I should, without doubt, embrace the opportunity, instead of spending my time and money foolishly at resorts like Cape May, Saratoga, &c. Yours, truly, J. R. B.

[There are many who would patronize an establishment of the kind suggested by our correspondent, and a good "head quarters for training" would soon be made a profitable institution if properly conducted. Who will act upon the hints thrown out.—ED. CLIP.]

OLYMPIC GYMNASTIC ASSOCIATION IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The members of this association held their first meeting, after re-organization, at their new room on the 21 inst., when the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—Lewis Bates, President; Thomas R. Gardiner, Vice President; Nicholas Thornton, Secretary; Ray G. Burlingame, Treasurer; the latter gentleman was also appointed class leader. We are glad to hear this association re-commences active operations under the most favorable circumstances. It has always had a good name in its neighborhood, and there is no reason why, now that gymnastic exercises are growing in favor, it should not even enhance its reputation.

WALKING FOR 100 HOURS.—Thomas Buckley (otherwise the Limerick Boy) having agreed to walk one hundred hours in succession without sleep for $200 a side, commenced the feat on the 24th ult., at Marietta, Penn., and is said to have finished it on the 28th within the specified time. Great interest was felt in the affair, and many persons were on the ground—the betting being 2 to 1 against the Boy, who soon after left for Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, where he may possibly give the folks another test of his quality.

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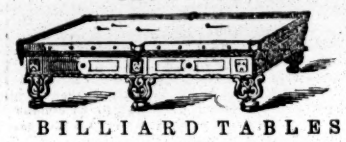

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